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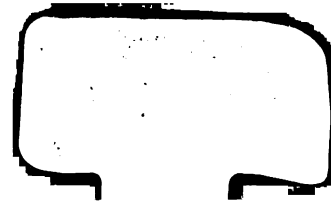

THE

MILLENNIUM;

OR,

The New Golden Age.

A LAY OF EDEN RESTORED.

BY

A PILGRIM FROM THE HOLY LAND.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME."
—ISAIAH.

From the Old Syriac Chronicle, variously entitled "A Vision of the Millennium" and the "Golden Talmud of Tancred and Ruth," collated by the Rabbi Ben Ezra of Damascus (1687).

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"*Redeunt Saturnia regna.*—(VIRG.)

IN reply to the query, "What would be the effect on Man's nature of the Divine Presence on Earth?" it may be answered, "A return to its pristine beauty and innocence previously to the Fall of Man."

Not the least interesting feature, consequently, of the "Millennium," is the Self-marvel and pleasing perplexity of Mankind under the surprise of its altered condition, both of mind and body. The last is a "glorified shape"—a "New Adam," to use the words of St. Paul; and the first is the purer Essence, imaged by Isaiah, as the effect of the Divine Presence.

The jealousy of the Powers of Evil is, as a certain consequence, awakened over this spotless condition of mankind, as their game of Temptation, of Sin, Corrupt Passion, and Death, is at an end: accordingly they address themselves to undermining the new condition of Purity on Earth. With what result it is left to our Story to tell, both as regards the conflict with Evil and the Retribution awarded to Error.

It is to be lamented that the extinction of Sin in Nature seems to force itself on Divine Justice by the dissolution of the Earth itself, in the final Catastrophe.

As regards the peculiar character of the Messiah as a "King of Bliss, of Peace, and Divine Love," it may be observed that the Sacred Book represents Him as an impersonation of all Beauty and Glory under a name, (says Parkhurst on the Hebrew

text,) signifying these attributes, *viz.*, "Adonais;" or, Lord of Aden or Eden, *i.e.*, Delight.

The Syriac Chronicle more particularly adopts this title as characteristic; and Parkhurst, in commenting on it, enlarges on the different attributes of the Divinity designated by different titles. "The God of Vengeance," he says, "is contrasted, under the name Jah or Jehovah, with the God of Clemency, Love, and Peace—Adonîm:" and he cites the Psalms to this effect, *viz.*, "The Lord (Jah) said unto my Lord (Adonais), sit thou on my right hand." (See Parkhurst on Psalm xlv.)

The temple of Adonîm, near Bethany, exists, indeed, to this day, to the north-east of Jerusalem, on Mount Adonîm: and the Syriac Talmud entitles this narrative variously—The Coming Adonîm and Adonais in Aden or Eden; thus emphatically adopting the characteristic title of the Messiah, as a King of Bliss and Divine Love.

For the reader's satisfaction, a list of the Prophecies relating to the Era of the Millennium is given in the Appendix: the Coming of the Shiloh, the Gathering of the Scattered Nations, the Return of Israel to the New Jerusalem, are amongst the most conspicuous predictions concerning this Golden Age of a revived Eden and a spotless humanity.

All religions look with confident hope to the accomplishment of Prophecy: the Jew is as much interested as the Christian; the Heathen world fondly hoped for its restored Golden Age: the words of Virgil, in welcoming the return of Righteousness, are almost the same as those of Isaiah.

As regards the Syriac authorities on the subject, it may be remarked that all which were accessible were consulted: those of the Carmelite Friars, of St. Lebas near Jerusalem; of the Coptic Priests, and of the Monks of Mount Sinai; and, more particularly, the Commentary of Ben Ezra of Damascus.

THE PILGRIM

TO

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

On Reaching Jerusalem.

"Thine eyes shall see Salem, again an habitation."—*Isaiah.*

"His Saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
"Munere."—*Virgil.*

And have I liv'd to see thee ere I die—
And trembling kiss thy holy soil? and mourn
(Vain solace!) o'er thy desecrated bourn,
City of Woe? . . . as wander furtively
Tears, speaking mute the dear as painful dream
Steep'd in the shadows of thy Ruin's seat—
And yon blam'd* track—where toil'd HIS hallowed feet,
Under the bitter Cross? . . . Thro' silence stream
Murmurs, where Silah's current languid flow'd—
Seem'd as tho' plaining to itself of woes;
When, sudden on my startled trance arose
A form of Light, and traits diviner glow'd:
"Nay, weep not," (solemn stole a voice benign)
"Or yet weep tears of joy—or pleasing pain;
"Yon City of the Dead, see, live again!
"Not thorns, HIS brow, but Eden's roses twine.

* Via Dolorosa e Scelerata.

" Dearly have wash'd the blood-drop from HIS brow
" Such votive tears as dim *thy* furrowed cheek
" O'er thoughts of love and woe—too deep to speak:
" For happier auspice, *smile* o'er Salem—now!" . . .
" WHO art Thou, Phantom bright?" . . . it faded vain!
Vain dream'd I, Silah's brook glad leap'd along
Its Echoes blent with *Z*ion's Seraph-song:—
Fond, fleeting Dream!—to leave me—but this strain.

THE NEW GOLDEN AGE.

BOOK I.

LIFE'S NEW GENESIS.

"The Sun shall no more be Light, nor the Moon by Night, but the Lord shall be thy light and glory."—ISAIAH.

Contents.

Celestial voices announce the NEW EDEN; Surprise of Earth at the Transformation of Nature and Humanity to their pristine purity and beauty as before the Fall of Man; and, as a condition of EDEN, which is figurative of the restored *Spotless* Essence of Humanity. This change of flesh into the "New Adam" (*St. Paul*), and its attendant Self-surprise, are more particularly instanced in the characters of TANCRED and RUTH, a Youth and his Bride, who are on their way by the river Jordan to the Holy City.

Loss of RUTH in the forest skirting the river. TANCRED is led by celestial voices to the scene of the Restored Eden and its New Salem ("the New Jerusalem"), where the Angel Herald of the Coming King of Peace announces His Presence, which ensues on the words of the Angel.

I.

A World's Surprise.

LIGHT'S characters, of Earth's LAST, loveliest page,
Speak, radiant harmonies, the God-crown'd Age!
In mystic, fair, transfigur'd brow of Space
Life reads your spells——Speak, Light of Golden Days!
From the four winds, list, murmurs fitful rise—
Wandering airs of broken minstrelsies—
As glimpses' wavering streak of blushing dawn
Startling the dream of slumbering lake and lawn—
Swelling, anon, more full, the sweet surprise
Charming Life's ravish'd spirit as it sighs,

While steals the brow's involuntary smile,
Seeking whence flows the mystic-murmur'd wile,
As, ever and anon, vague floating by
Echoes the fitful airy melody—
" *Ope, 'neath our sigh, your lids, sweet roses fled,*
" *Blush o'er wak'd Eden's languid cheek and dead*" . . .
. . . " What mystic-warbled, airy note swept by,
" Wandering steals from rapture's heart the sigh—
" Wafting the soul to heav'n upon its swell
" In murmur'd bliss of more than earthly shell ? . . .
. . . " O'er heav'n's glad brow, *what* blazon's lovelier light
" Charms o'er its portent's bliss Creation's sight ?—
" Harmony's boundless smile thro' roselit air
" Shrining a world transfigur'd strange as fair ?—
" Stealing upon the dazzled void's surprise
" In smile responsive to those harmonies ?— . . .
" *Ope, 'neath our sigh, your lids, sweet roses fled,*
" *Blush o'er wak'd Eden's languid cheek and dead.*" . . .
. . . Spell of that strain ! lo, bright-wing'd Angels came
Fearfully beauteous, dazzling crown'd in flame,
Like lustres streaming thro' the Darkness' maze,
Starting to splendour 'neath their glory rays ;
Bright hover'd they where Eden bloom'd of yore,
Now, at their voice, wak'd smiling as before,
Spurning in joy her sin-disfigur'd guise,
Pouring her song to heav'n—a Paradise :
Promethean-lit her sweets' regenerate bloom,
Her dearest sweets——Oblivion[1] of the Tomb.
Lo, in the Glory crown'd, yon Angel guise
Greets Earth's self-marvel o'er her new-born dyes—
" O'er brooding Chaos as the glimmerings break,
" Dost thou remember, Earth, the *first*, glad streak

" Startling 'neath Lays of Love, Night's ancient dearth? . . .
" Again they steal!—New Day's harmonious birth!
" Ages on Ages, and the All-seeing Eye
" That in the Present scans Eternity,
" And grasps as *one* within its boundless sight
" The Past's wide parted wing and Future's flight;—
" Looks on thee, Earth, to glance the fateful ray
" *Of Promis'd Love reluming Eden's Day!*
" As thrills thy shadow'd dream that speaking glance,
" Rejoicing start to spurn thy death-dimm'd trance;
" Know thee, once more, Love's heav'nly Presence shrine
" Intent, while Star-worlds paler round thee shine;
" Thou speck, once, lost 'mid lustres infinite,
" Infinite glory, now, thy GOD's delight—
" Hear, speak, Eternal Will—Primæval Love."[2] . . .
It ceas'd; while myriad Seraph choirs Above
The FIAT hail'd, took up the fateful Voice—
Pour'd from one heart—" *Wake, Eden's bloom! Rejoice!*"
As stole that strain, what tumults, dread as dear,
Thrill'd mortal trembling breasts in holy fear!
" Was it Heav'n spoke? and heard our awe aright?"
(Thus sweet-perplex'd, ask'd doubt and dread delight)
" Say, did we *dream* of Eden's bloom it spoke? . . .
" Nay! ask these eyes—'twas Paradise awoke!"
" We *see* yon mystic Light—We quaff the balm—
" New Inspiration's sweets—thro' roselit calm
" Reflecting heav'nly smiles! . . . 'tis *living* bloom
" (Oh, more than dream!) regenerate from the Tomb." . . .
" *Selah! lost Eden's roses, withering cast,*
" *See, blush anew, sweet solacing the waste.*" . . .
. . . " Stealing us from ourselves that Seraph-sigh
" *Still* speaks some new-born beauteous Mystery—

" Haunting the wilder'd Spirit's rapture-dream—
" Sweet wafting on its spell's harmonious stream
" To worlds of Love Divine! . . . and blissful flows,
" As tho' it breath'd the sigh of Eden's rose. . . .
" *Still* sigh those Herald warblers eloquent,
" Whisper of bloom's new joy-world redolent,
" Breathing their sweetness' soul in breast of Earth,
" That answers sigh for sigh an Eden's birth!
" Sweet Spirit! of those airy cadences,
" Interpreting a New World's loveliness,
" Speak yet, what Coming Glory of a GOD
" Looks down on Earth, once more His bright Abode?
" For see——Heav'n's purple founts in glory flood
" Widewhelm Earth's rapture-brow—as tranc'd she stood
" Mark'd the dread splendours beauteously confound
" Heav'n's maze with Earth's—one bliss-illumin'd bound!
. . . " What spell bewilders sense and dazzles sight,
" Self marvel's dear surprise and dread delight
" *O'er some new purer birth?* . . . while echoes melt
" Ravishing thought, in dreams unwonted felt,
" Quaffing your mystic sweets distill'd as dew,
" Quick'ning the germ of *Inspirations new?*
. . . " Why doubts Life, thus—yet knows itself divine—
" Spotless translucence thro' its crystal shrine?" . . .
Life's pleasing-pain'd surprise, thus wilder'd sought
As consciousness of some new Being wrought—
Wafted the soul to heav'n upon those sighs,
Contagion sweet of unknown harmonies;—
While, ever and anon, the murmurs woke,
Trancing anew the heart and blissful spoke—
" *Selah! lost Eden's roses, withering cast,*
" *See, blush anew, sweet solacing the waste.*" . . .

II.

Tancred and Ruth.

'Twas, thus, while spell-bound o'er the bright Surprise,
Life wonder'd o'er its new birth's mysteries—
Ere rous'd it, yet, Hell's[8] ire, to mark the stain
Of Sin that sham'd Man's brow, *wip'd out again*—
Two mortal fond sojourners on the way,
Where blush'd those roses new o'er cheek of Day,
Tancred and Ruth, in Love's Youth's Beauty's pride,
Wander'd by Jordan's forest-crested tide:
Soft stole the hour in happy carelessness,
Nor knew a dearer Paradise to bless
Than rapture in each others' glances felt
As soul met soul and lips in kisses melt;
For looking in her eyes he saw his Bride,
And in her heart—his world enough was wide.
'Mid languor oft of the voluptuous day
Sweet wearied, where the wayward mazes stray,
Welcome repose they sought, of flow'r-gemm'd bed
'Neath canopy's luxuriance o'er them spread
Of wild fig, where the tendrils intertwine,
For sweet repast of purple-cluster'd vine;
Tho' sweeter banquet, and of richer charms,
The bliss they treasur'd in each others' arms:
Solitude blest of balmy haunts! where sank
The languor-trance and honied kisses drank—
Nor reck'd, *how soon*, shall wane in mortal hearts
The Passion-spark—that, *now*, 'mid Darkness starts.
" See!" sudden joy'd, cried Tancred to his love,
" The blush o'er Nature's cheek around, above,

" All lovely as thine own! . . . as if its hue
" Blush'd with Thyself—thy heart's fond secret knew!
" Yon Rose-light seems some shrine of heav'nly birth—
" See! how its smile, thrice fair, *transfigures* Earth!
" I feel it light *new transports* in my breast—
" Thou, too, should'st feel it—some divine Behest!
" Mark! beauteous, far, o'er Salem's bound, the glow
" Crowns in its mystic wreath her queenly brow!
" On to the Shrine of Bliss! the *fount* to know
" *Whence*, strange as blest, these chaster pulses flow?
" *Why* Nature's brow thus strange transform'd as fair,
" 'Mid new-wak'd harmonies of earth and air?"
" *Selah! o'er waste of Eden's roses fled,*
" *See, blush anew, their languid cheek and dead.*" . . .
. . . " Hark! where they speak! bland-murmur'd vague surprise,
" Ravishing sense, of fitful minstrelsies!
" Wandering airs—(some Seraph melody)—
" Witching the soul, now swell o'er it—now die:
. . . " Oh! murmurs all so sweet that Seraph-breath,
" It could e'en wake a pulse in heart of Death!
" And in the heart of *Life*—so exquisite
" The thrill—'twere *pain!* yet wakes *new* Life's delight!
. . . " List, love! . . . soft murmurs whispering haunt the wood
" And harmonize enchanted Solitude." . . .

III.

New Eden's Innocence.

WHILE yet he spoke; while yet around them play'd
The mystic Light—*its charm their spirit sway'd;*
For, lo! what sudden spells *unknown* control
Quench'd frailer *Passion's* kindlings in the soul?

As when the murmurs, *lost*, suspended die
Of airy-warbled floating melody?
Why ebbs Desire's sweet impulse, late so bright—
Now—languid sinking? quell'd its fount's delight?
" If, hallow'd—*whence* the inspiration's spell
" Inexplicable o'er their spirits fell?"
(Thus secret commun'd with itself the breast,
Admiring some new transport's chaste unrest)
" To leave them like twin statues, fair, chaste, still—
" All *passionless*, and innocently chill;
" Or, as tranc'd forms in marble semblance stand
" Pow'rless and pale 'neath rais'd Enchantment's wand?" . . .
Hearts warm, but late, as diamond-flashing gleam,
Now—chaster glow—as ice-drop's lucid stream.
NEW EDEN'S INNOCENCE[4] was o'er them stealing—
They *knew it not*—but knew an *alter'd feeling;*
As old Pygmalion's statue quicken'd grew
From senseless slab to life's, love's, beauty's hue;
Or, as rude wilding's golden-grafted store
Wonders its new-born Self's luxuriance o'er.
Involuntary smil'd they o'er the ray
Of roselight charm—they *felt* its virtue's sway:
Yes! on *his* heart 'twas chaste as light on snows—
In *her's*—as lamp o'er vestal shrine that glows—
Its mystic charm ne'er lit at *mortal* springs,
Nor such as brighten Eros' purple wings.
" *Selah! o'er waste of Eden's roses fled,*
" *See, blush anew, their languid cheek and dead.*"
Now, sudden as tho' Heav'n its gates outspread,
A flood of glory wide its lustre shed;
In silent wonder gazing and surmise
They saw the Portent's heav'n-lit harmonies;

And cried the Youth, "Oh, mark those wings of gold. . . .
"Yes! . . . *living* hosts! a Seraph-choir behold! . . .
"Methought—wings rustling as of doves swept by,
"Glitter'd their dazzling glimpses on mine eye—
"Like waves of light, wings flash'd athwart the sky,
"Now glancing start—now fainter twinkling die—
"See—radiant *myriads* now—(or do I dream)
"Where dart yon flashes from their pinions' gleam?
"And in the midst—ONE form . . . Oh, glory-might . . .
"(Some Vision blest!) o'erwhelming sense and sight!
"HIS form pavilion'd in that lustre shrine
"Seems yet, *itself*, the fount of Light[5] to shine! . . .
"As rush of mighty waters, hear the lays
"Of countless Pæans swelling in HIS praise!
"Syllabled solemn thro' the heav'nly dome
"Methought a Voice responsive woke—'*I Come.*' . . .
"O'er blossom'd carpet of Earth's conscious pride
"Lo! twinkling feet of Angels seem to glide."
Smiling she gaz'd, as blent her joy with his,
And answer'd she from out her dream of Bliss
Sweet wilder'd—"See'st thou not? in soften'd light
"Beauteously fades, afar, yon glory-flight—
"Those Seraph wings in wider lustre merge,
"Wafting our spirits on their dazzling surge—
"More *indistinct* those Pæan-raptures sweep
"Echoed—as distant torrent-murmurs creep—
"Or, as harmonious Voices in a *dream*
"Swept vague, in sweet as evanescent stream?"
"Portent, or Vision fair,—if such it be,—
"O'er SALEM's brow" (replied he) "glittering see!
"And, now,—'tis lost—but, still, my senses reel
"Giddy o'er dreams of all they see and feel—

" A rapture-charm so keen—it mounts to pain—
" Bright wilder'd ecstasy of heart and brain !
. . . " The Age of Miracles, we deem'd, gone by—
" But, lo, all Space glows one bright Prodigy !
" Sure, 'tis the hour—or Oracles[6] are vain—
" The Age of Gold ? the God-illumin'd reign ?
" Glimpse of some Prophet-rapture's vision'd SIGN—
" Some new-born Testament of Love Divine ?
" From Fate's dread Book 'tis rent the mystic seal
" Their long-mock'd yearning, weary Ages heal !
" Yes ! sweet ! those Seraph harmonies translate
" Some mystic Secret of the Scroll of Fate :
" Heav'n's music speaks ! aud in the heart a voice
" Instinctive stirr'd, responsive sighs '*Rejoice.*'
" Oh Tancred, if my soul could quit thy love
" For God—'twould yield it to that smile Above"—
(Answer'd his Bride) " whose lovelit splendors shine
" The smile reflecting of the brow divine !
" To *Love* those raptures lure, of sense, of sight,
" To *Love*, those Seraph warblings of delight !
" They speak a Love *above* this Earth's abode—
" Tancred ! thou'rt dear—but oh, *their* Love—is GOD !
" Hush—where, anew, those mystic murmurs break—
" I feel—I prove—the very charm they speak ! "
" *Selah ! lost Eden's roses withering cast,*
" *See, blush anew, sweet solacing the waste.*". . . .
Silent, awhile, they stood in mute ovation—
Of spirit-awe, and bliss of adoration—
Ravishment—wak'd o'er it's *Self-marvel's* spell,
Where rapture-thoughts, too deep for utterance swell—
Till starting sighs it—finds a voice again
From the mute marvel, smiling o'er that strain.

" Oh, love! we are but links of some bright bond
" Where to a God all Being's births respond "—
Said Tancred, waking from the trance, to sigh
Over the new-born rapture's witchery—
" Or *why* greets Nature's smile this new-dight scene—
" Earth's brow *transfigur'd* in some lovelier sheen?—
" O'er mortal dross some Essence breathes more fair
" Its inspiration's soul thro' bliss-lit air! . . .
. . . " Yes . . . in thyself—in me—new yearnings swell
" For our self-marvel's bliss, in mystic spell!
" Oh, strange as blest a sense harmonious glows
" Of *purer birth*—where Life's new garland blows—
" Look with me love! a Spirit lights yon rays—
" Yes! 'tis GOD'S smile of Love, reflected, plays!"
He said: while harps unseen—tho' not unfelt—
In mystic modulations round them melt.
'Twas thus, while sweet perplex'd the charm their way,
Speed we, where crown'd fair SALEM'S brow the ray:
Where, still, wide trancing Life, those murmurs stray'd—
Still wilder'd sweet, the soul fond answer made:
Oh, Tancred's rapture languag'd but the sense
Of a *world's* spell—Self-marvel's eloquence—
'Mid the dear tumult of its wak'd surmise
O'er a new Self—new Being's mysteries!
Not more *transfigur'd* Nature's *outward* guise
Than in *Life's heart* its spirit-harmonies:
The revolution's spark within it glows
From Passion's soul to yet diviner throes:
Men wonder'd at themselves, and at the change
Mute working in them, all divine as strange;
Heav'n's amaranthine bloom deck'd Earth's abode—
Yes! mortal clay shone *spotless* as its GOD:

Nor roselit maze around it fairer blows,
Than from *within* a *Spirit*-Eden glows.

IV.

Salem's Coming Glory.

And shall thy dearth to glory wake again,
More cherish'd brighten o'er remember'd pain?
Shall Rama's lily rear her storm-bow'd head,
Again her rose light Sharon's desert dead?
Shall Eden breathe a soul in ye once more,
And with her own, your song of rapture pour?
Say! shall it ever smile a glimpse of Hope—
Judah, where the reluctant portals ope
Of thy regretted long lost world of Love? . . .
Hark! o'er thy startled trance, around, above,
Spirits of air, glad wave, and Earth's new bloom
Cheer in their sweet surprise thy living tomb!
Glad Herald-warblers tune, anew, the lay
Blissful remember'd of thy Glory's day,
Waking the chord long silent in thy heart,
As the dear-welcom'd, known, vibrations start.
List—o'er yon hallow'd, charm'd, Arabian[7] deep
Murmurs a Voice—(and winds are lull'd to sleep)—
Rising o'er wild-wave plaint or zephyr sigh—
Dread more—and heard o'er mermaid note swept by—
Trancing the heart, all sweet alarm'd, intent
Upon the liquid-warbled tidings bent.
" Vague all as fair, in glimpses awful caught
" Bright Phantom fading ne'er from Mercy's Thought,
" Bourn of dread Hope! at last, thy glimmerings pale
" Warm into light's translucence through the veil,

" Blush on the startled void Time's surges o'er,
" Cresting in light the waste—a Golden Shore.
" Ye who have watch'd as from a torrent verge,
" Breathless thro' Fate's abyss that toiling surge
" Breathe free again ! lo, waves auspicious bear
" The mystic freight, and murmur " *God is near.*"
Trembling, it fitful died o'er Judah's hush,
As bent she o'er the solemn murmur-gush,
In charm and adoration look'd around
To see what heav'nly harps attun'd the sound
Dear as of old ! and heralding Behest
For tumults stirr'd in her of sweet unrest,
Haunting her ravish'd dream 'mid roselight calm
Of a New World respiring Eden's balm ;
While, sudden, wak'd her from her trance, swept by
The rapture-murmurs of the Seraph sigh—
" *Wake, Salem, wake ! hear Silah's waters play,*
" *Blent its glad echoes with the Angel lay !*
" *Array thee in thy Glory's panoply,*
" *Know thee, once more, the Shrine of the Most High !*
" *Come heavenly King ! thy brow of glory bound*
" *With amaranth wreath of lov'd Lost Eden—Found.*"
Her first surprise gone by, o'er new-wak'd gleam
Of Life, sweet solac'd 'mid its sorrow's dream,
" Speak, herald minstrels ! have your wand'rings stray'd
" Bright'ning " (thus Salem spoke) " the desert shade ?
" As silent dreaming o'er the scroll of Fate
" Drear reckon'd Judah's doom[8] the ling'ring date
" Till stole *your* charm ? as dubious look'd she round,
" Smil'd as it cheer'd her Desolation's[9] bound ? . . .
" Echoes on echoes distant wandering float—
" Full and more full—the murmur'd[10] Prophet-note,

" Big with God's oracles respiring bliss
" Vibrating deep, o'er Time's dark vast abyss—
" Her lingering vigil smiling thro' her tears
" O'er solace late of long long wasting years!
" Spirits unseen, yet felt! Sweet Mysteries
" Respiring a new Being's harmonies—
" Intelligencers blest! the portent speak
" Yield the heart's question rest—or bid it break
" Shall Salem's life be Light? be one with God
" In this New Eden's home of His abode?
" Oh speak! . . Ye *seem* to say so—as your sigh
" Responsive o'er us, wafts its harmony:
" While murmuring back your bliss, harmonious glide
" Life's streams, reflecting heav'n their roselit tide:
" Involuntary bliss of some new spell!—
" Conscious—'tis *thus*—yet *how*—it scarce may tell:
" The soul's luxuriance o'er its golden dream—
" Tho' sweeter bliss your *living* raptures stream!
" Would ye persuade it to your heav'n away—
" While, *here*, persuades the heav'n ye wake—to stay?
" Lift ye the soul to heav'n? tho' looking round
" Smiles the blest doubt, if Earth's or Heav'n's the bound!
" Call ye its joy to heav'n?—to seek ye *there?*—
" Sweetly perplex'd, o'er Paradise—as dear?
" Oh, more than dream! . . . beneath your Seraph sigh
" Lo, Eden blooms—a bright *Reality!* . . . .
" But, *Salem's* Paradise is in her KING—
" Speak! COMES HE?" Speak!—or *why* those blossoms spring?
Sweet tortur'd, thus,—wide sway'd in fond surprise—
Life sought the Secret of its alter'd guise;
Pour'd, grateful, rapture-praise, as odors shed
Of incense round from EDEN's blossom'd bed.

When, lo, responsive to the dear surmise,
Heav'n's voice of Seraph love to Earth replies:—
Eager to hear—and hung'ring at the shrine,
Of the New God, arous'd in Thee divine—
SALEM! What Angel-guise of light on high
Welcomes thy long-drawn breath's Expectancy? . .
Rends from Fate's ling'ring lips, the silence' seal,
While Seraph-harps the Salutation peal?—
And past their gush—the solemn accents wake
Stealing as stream from bosom of a lake.

V.

The Herald of Light.

" SYLLABLED deep—*what* Name's dread echoes glide—
" Its Spirit's Peace thro' EDEN's roses sigh'd? . . .
" MES-SI-AH " . . . Spell of Might! the dead to wake—
" Thrill Earth—stir, whirlwind-like, HELL's[13] sable lake? . . . .
. . . . " Ye Stars! that search the Ocean-bosom deep,
" Watching the tempest-cradles of its sleep;
" Thou, vestal Moon, whose silent vigils dream,
" O'er heav'nly harmonies that trance her beam—
" Suns! visual orbs of wide Creation's brow
" Mightier than your's,[13] the Light rejoicing now!
" Thro' dread admiring Space, bear, every gale,
" Voic'd in your whispering flight, the mystic tale
" Blazon'd in yonder Promis'd Dawn o'er night,
" Of ling'ring Ages in this hour of Light!
" Rise Judah's Queen!—oh, fairer from the Tomb!
" Wreathe thy bright King a crown from Eden's bloom!
" Lo, Heav'n HE brings with HIM! Thy Welcome, Earth,
" Pour o'er the Light so fair transforms[14] thy dearth—

" The lovelight of His brow . . . . . Round Salem's Shrine ![15]
" Bloom Eden ! Heav'n's new home of Love divine !
" Charm (can'st thou ?) from[16] Hell's brow the frown, afar,
" Till it forget its ancient malice' war ? . . . . .
. . . " Yet—Eden, smile ! See bloom, as erst, it shone,
" Rose,[17] without thorn illuming Glory's throne !
" Bloom 'neath His trace, that He may know His home—
" Love's reign relum'd—thy dear-sought Shiloh—come !
" *There*—ling'ring dwells His love—then—looks its last—
" Woe ! should He frown—'twere[18] Doom's worst shadows cast."
Paus'd the dread Voice : glad harps took up the sound—
" *Seek ! bliss-bright King ! thy lov'd* ' Lost Eden Found ! ' "
While solemn murmurs thrill the heav'nly dome
Responsive to the Seraph call, " I come." . .
As melts o'er soul of spell-bound Earth, the thrill
Of that dread Voice as dear—her heart stood still—
Lost o'er her trance . . . . when, Seraph harps, her fear
Glad lull'd—She wakes—to find God—everywhere !
Sweet rous'd once more, in joy she look'd around,
Involuntary smil'd o'er Eden's bound,
Smil'd, o'er yon rose-illumin'd lovelit air
Beauteous the Shrine of Coming Glory there :
You'd deem yon rose-light—airy roses shed
In bloom celestial wreathing Glory's head—
Light, shed from smile of Spirit-Peace Above
Bright Mystery of some New World of Love.
Oh, beauteous terror of that Herald-brow,
Where joy and awe, alternate trembling, bow :
Spell-bound the soul upon those radiant traits
Long ling'ring dwelt : adoring strain'd the gaze :
Till, past the trance, where Life, fond wilder'd stood,
Burst the full tide of eager commune's flood.

" Stream'd as a ray—that Herald-greeting heard—
" Before the Coming God ! . . . What heav'n it stirr'd
" Within us ! . . . lifting past ourselves . . . as melt
" Its strains . . . nay ! ask thy heart's *new pulses* felt ! . . .
. . . " What kindled ecstasy's Intelligence
" Of a *new* spirit hears new eloquence
" Of radiant Seraph-Strangers ! . . . inspiration
" Whose throes are *heav'n !*—whose consciousness—*ovation !*
" Cleans'd, the fell taint of SIN's plague-spotted den—
" Angels—fair mirrors, see, reflecting *men !*
. . . " Oh ! *well*, the maze blooms lovelier ! fit for birth
' Of Angel visitants that brighten Earth—
" Ravishing as their Seraph-lay distils
" Its gush of sweets in purer feeling's rills—
" Greeting Life's transport-thrill—that makes reply
" In a sublimer spirit's harmony." . . .
" *Selah ! lost Eden's heav'n on Earth is won !*
" *Its Seraph-essence lighting Glory's throne !*
" Know we ourselves ? . . . this new abode of LOVE—
" Earth's brow transfigur'd ? snatch'd herself above ?
" Is *this* the maze where languish'd Sorrow's day—
" Know we the language of that Seraph-lay ?
" A ' glory-shape ' [19]—*thus* beams our clay-birth shrine ?
" Spark of Heav'n's lamp ? translucence crystalline ? . . .
" *Glorified forms*," see, 'mid the rose-light stream
" Shining, illumin'd blest—Life's purer beam !
" Oh . . . bliss too exquisite . . . some mockery's hue—
" Some glory-dream . . . Oh, no ! 'tis dearly *true*."
Thus spoke LIFE's rapture o'er the bright surprise
Of its new birth's *transfigur'd harmonies*.
All was glad marvel—wilder'd sense and view—
Unsated bliss, that still quaff'd rapture new—

Expectance ecstasy and dread delight
O'er Coming Godhead's Presence glory-dight,
Unwonted transport of sublime unrest—
Blest tumult! Inspiration's kindled breast!
O'erwrought the soul—till joy's excess seem'd pain,
And faints the brow—sweet wak'd to bliss again.

VI.

The Bridal of Eden.

ALIVE yon heav'n's! their Portents flashing stream!
Blest shapes[18]—Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, figur'd gleam!
A Prophet-seer, lo, bursts the prison tomb—
Wreathes him a garland pluck'd from Eden's bloom.
" And have I burst Death's sleep . . . to see the day
" Shrining, erewhile, my vision's golden ray? . . .
He said, and pass'd upon his radiant trace,
As Life, exulting, pours the note of praise.
Mark! all thro' boundless Space heav'n's radiant floor
Blaz'd crimson, gold-fleck'd, or empurpled o'er—
Till, sudden, all the darting splendours fade,
Round Glory's brow in softer roselight play'd. . . .
That Light! 'twas radiance cast HIS path before
From the brow's smile HIS well-lov'd Eden o'er;
'Tis HE—the KING! HE beams in Glory's crown,
From heav'n o'er Eden's *Promis'd Throne* looks down:
Impersonation of the Soul of Light—
Glory's *embodied* bliss of Being bright. . . .
" *Selah! lost Eden's heav'n on earth is won!*
" *The King of Bliss, Love, Glory, seeks His Throne,*
" MESSIAH-ADONAIS."[20] . . .
. . . From one heart
Those myriad-echoed, Seraph raptures start.

"I COME—to bid a rescued World rejoice"
(Thus thrill'd Earth's trembling breast MESSIAH'S Voice)
"I COME—to greet my Eden's well-lov'd home—
"Lost all too long, but found at last—I COME."
"*Selah! lost Eden's rose!. thy light relume;*
"*Blush o'er sham'd mem'ries of the vanquish'd*[21] *Tomb!*
Glad Heav'n weds blushing Earth! their offspring PEACE—
The writhing SERPENT'S doom—the DOVE'S increase:
While swell dread echoes of Creation's fane
Redemption's Song—the Hymenæal strain.
"*He comes!*" the Seraph Salutations float;
"*He comes!*" Earth's heart responds the rapture-note;
"*He comes!*" in heav'nly Love's and Glory's pride,
The KING; and smiles on Earth as on a Bride.
Rejoice! o'er Eden's cheek, those blushes spoke
What sweet alarms of love and joy awoke:
Her rose-light blush of THOUSAND SUMMERS' air,
Heav'n's smile of harmony reflecting there:
And if her cheek reflects yon blushing sky
Greets, too, her King, her THOUSAND SUMMERS' sigh:
See, lift the long-droop'd brow, *reviv'd* her sweets,
Her THOUSAND SUMMERS' Song the lov'd One greets:
Heralding Light those Seraph harps awake
With HIM, for Earth's *new* heav'n, their own forsake!
Earth as a Bride in trembling joy awaits[22]
The dear, desir'd One's footstep at the gates.

VII.

Lost in the Wood.

BUT, where was Tancred? . . . more perplex'd his way
The *soul's* unrest, its new-born tumults sway—

Than thicket-maze, where stray'd Himself and Bride,
Their thoughts all vaguely stirr'd as yonder tide
Where Jordan roll'd its sacred wave along—
Strange blent, its murmurs hoarse, with Seraph-song
That, ever and anon, swept wandering by
Wafting the soul to heav'n upon its sigh—
See too! . . . that mystic Light! its lambent stream
Crown'd Ruth's fair brow—to *fade*—like meteor-gleam—
Flash'd fair and—vanish'd! . . . "*Why*, so *wayward* died
" That rose-light, mystic shrining thee, my Bride?
" Circling thy brow, crown'd lovelier as it play'd? . . .
" Why, paler waning—sudden thus—to *fade?*"
Dubious, he ask'd:—perchance some *after* day[23]
Sadder shall speak the Omen's fleeting ray!
They felt they lov'd—but with diviner glow
Than warm'd the breast, ere these *new* pulses flow:
" What magic lulls (*still*[24] ask'd the heart's surmise)
" The wilder passion-breath of spirit-sighs?"
They look'd into each other's brow to find
Languag'd the secret, haply, of the mind;—
All dubious—glance met glance—a consciousness
Strove, of some purer *in*-born spotlessness:
TANCRED beheld diviner heav'n arise
Beam'd in the spirit of his lov'd one's eyes—
And SHE, her *own* transfigur'd charm might guess
In chaste surprise, from all *his* looks confess:
In *angel-lustre* kindling, spoke the brow—
Glance answer'd glance, where Heav'n look'd thro' it, *now?*
You might have fancied that an Angel pair
Had stray'd from heav'n, to light Love's path, more fair!
Albeit, *unseen* the spell—oh, ne'er *unfelt*
Of blissful wings, that hovering o'er them, dwelt,

The *wonted* promptings of the soul disarm
Witching lull'd Passion's sting in *holier* charm;
While conscious spoke, mute languag'd thro' the eyes,
A Spirit Love of purer masteries.
In mute self-searching's spell, awhile, they stood,
Where the pale olives dreaming bower'd the flood,
When Tancred's step, what ravishment of sound
Beguil'd, anew, in airy murmurs round?
And smil'd surpris'd his Bride, as eager sped
Her willing footsteps' way beside him led.
" *Selah! lost Eden's roses withering cast;*
" *See! blush, anew, sweet solacing the waste.*" . . .
" That Voice again! list, love! *new* bliss 'twould mean!
" Yet, vague, as glimpses thro' yon vistaed green;
" Well know I its persuasive magic flows,
" Kindling this *new-born* spell within us glows!
" Bow'd not thy spirit 'neath the magic yoke—
" As mystic round its tuneful greetings spoke?
" It echoes from yon Seraph-haunted hill,
" That far o'erlooks the olive-shadow'd rill—
" Hark!" . . .
Floating vague—as o'er it rapt they stood—
Now died—now swelling—charm'd it Solitude;
On the sweet marvel's trace lur'd more and more,
He speeds—his lovely comrade's step before;
Far devious led on the harmonious clue—
When, with a start, self-blam'd, he turn'd his view—
Knew he had wandered, spell-bound, from her side
Where she had linger'd, dreaming o'er the tide,
Where soft the zephyr wav'd the lily flow'r,
Sprinkling it in the liquid-crystal show'r;
Her drooping beauties mirror'd in the stream—
The fairest flow'r of all reflects its beam;

Swift his return—but all too late! to see
Vacant the spot where that lov'd form should be.
Vain wak'd he the dear accents of her name!
Back on his heart vague syllabled they came:
Her trace he sought distract around—'twas *lost*
Where wound the paths, perplex'd, opposing crost:
Mock'd oft, as shifts the glancing light, he sought
Her imag'd form in glimpses Fancy caught;
His baffled search but further from her led—
The thicket deepens—every trace was fled.
Lost wandering, now, his weary footsteps stray—
'Neath the *heart's* sorrow heavier flags the way!
When, now, far stream'd, from SALEM'S TEMPLE' height,
Seem'd as to beckon him, her glory's light:
While sigh'd those airy Voices "*Come away*,"
The heart instinctive led upon the lay—
Before him float the mystic cadences
As on their tuneful trace his footsteps press,
"And guide they" (thought he) "where *her* wand'rings stray?"
But hark! . . . again they murmur "*Come away.*" . . .
While fading in the distance, melting dies
Upon the heart their swell of minstrelsies—
"*See! true to Prophet-harps* MESSIAH *come!*
"*Smile, Eden's bloom that He may know his home!*" . . .
Still, sweetly snatch'd the soul upon the lay—
Still, sigh'd the wandering echoes . . . "*Come away.*"

BOOK II.

HELL IN ALARM.

"They had a King over them: the Angel of the Bottomless Pit, whose name is ABADDON."—REV. IX. 7.

Contents.

The transformed aspect of Nature, or Sign of the "restored Eden," not having yet revealed itself to the Powers of darkness, Satan taunts Heaven with breaking its Promise of the Coming of the MESSIAH to reign on Earth. Suddenly, however, the Heavenly Sign is manifested to the dismay of Hell. The consternation of Sin and Death. Satan consoles them in his determination to effect a Second Fall of Man by renewing the former impulses of Passion: He summons his Satellites to proceed to Earth on this mission. The departure of Astar and his compeers.

I.

The Taunt of Hell.

NOT yet, o'er HELL'S dark bound, the glimpses shine
Of the new-dawning Eden's God-lit Shrine;
And bitter woke the scorn of Envy's taunt—
Fear's ill-disguis'd alarm of SATAN'S vaunt;
" What? did it *blink*, the Prophet-dreamer's[1] sight?—
" Guild o'er some radiant mockery, false as bright? . . .
" Time wafts the Hour—yet, *where*, the long-sought Day
" Dazzling Hell's "sin-born," scatter'd mists, away?
" So tardy, creeps, the timid wavering Light
" Cow'd 'neath the frown of Ancient Error's night? . . .
" Painful, as vain, my ken explores the gloom
" To catch the glimpses coy of dawning bloom" —
(And, as he spoke, his glance, the darkness' bound,
Pierc'd, scornful, of the dismal vault profound)

" What? o'er its 'Thousand Summers' breathes a frost?
" Or, shall HELL smirch its garland's glory, lost?"
Drear taunt! 'mid dark defiant vauntings blind
Dissembling ill, the lurking Fear behind,
Struggling to stifle consciousness—that heals
Too ill, the peril, it, instinctive feels.
Baffled Self-solace' scoff! its insult's cry
But drowns Fate's whisper, it would hopeless fly:
Too soon the dreaded glory-ray to start
O'er Hell's dark caverns—and its darker heart.
It was high revel in the infernal halls,
Shook the weird laughter-scoff those dismal walls—
Grim merriment! that ghastly lighted up
For Hell's carouse the venom-bubbling cup
(Oh, bitter quaff'd, its demon-sable juice
Envious of Heav'n's blest nectar-mantling dews!)
Those ribald shouts, start fearful, as the glare
Of livid flakes, that pierce yon murky air;
Scorn's withering jibe, wrath's yell, and quenchless hate
O'er unrelenting doom of frowning Fate:
The laugh's fell echoes of the demon host
By fits, 'neath wilder wail of torment lost;
When Satan thus resum'd; as silence sway'd;
And the dear hubbub-murmurs, sullen, fade.
" Ask'd I, why, dawns it not the ling'ring Hour,—
" Joylight of Earth,—to show—Hell's baffled pow'r?
" Why, smiles not this regenerate bliss of breath?
" This purer Day—unscath'd by SIN and DEATH?
" Vain boast" (and stern he smil'd) " Hell, *still* shall strive—
" In Heav'n's mock'd face *their* ghastly triumph live!
" Or—I could deem—Heav'n *feign'd* some bright *disguise*
" For our worse Envy's vengeful masteries—

" Aggravate Curse—new tantaliz'd to wring
" Hell's heart,—o'er some bright Phantom-mockery's spring? . .
" Insidious game! stern Cunning! . . . or, if *true*,
" Lost Eden's destinies their bloom renew
" To torture our despair, and mock o'er Earth
" Our sway, in some fresh Adam's spotless birth—
" Yet, well, I ween, this 'clay-toy' glittering new
" (In Will, or Whim, trick'd out of purer hue)
" Its Fashioner's caprice—the toy tho' fair—
" Shall blame *imperfect!* spurn it, in despair?" . . .
(Eager the legions press'd around their King
And sharpen'd at his words their rancor-sting)
" Let Him indulge the whim! some Essence' ray
" Purer illume than dross of human clay—
" Yet mark! if Hell be *to itself but true*
" He, yet, the fair *experiment* shall rue:
" Nor vain I speak—the Maker of the toy
" He, once, hath spurn'd, shall yet, *again*, destroy.
" I see Self-blame's disgust impatient o'er
" The craft imperfect, its *own* work deplore,
" Prove its bright guise but hollow outward show
" Where Hell detects the latent flaw below—
" Some brave automaton of Innocence
" And only lacking Sin—since lacking Sense!

II.

The Arch Sophister.

" For mark! if this new Life be *pure*—on dews
" Ambrosial fed, an Essence' brighter hues,
" Alas! if *lacking Passion's* pulses warm
" That quicken Being—'twere but *soulless charm!*

" A thing of negative enjoyment's fate
" And if all spotless—all *inanimate !*
" *Imperfect* dwindles thus, the vain intent
" Of the fond toy's self-mock'd Experiment"—
(Thus vaunted Scorn's defiant Sophistry
Well worthy the foul Father of the Lie,
'Mid wak'd acclaim of murmur'd wide assent,
That, yet, distrusts its own dark Argument ;)
. . . " Yes ! *such* the fate of any *purer* guise
" Fair tho' it be, where no wak'd *Passion* sighs,
" For—should this genial spark *still* glow within—
" Why ! 'tis the *past* drear tale of *mis*call'd Sin !
" Ay *mis*called—(as when Fraud deals Truth a blow—
" Things fair disguising in distorted show)—
. . . " Oh ! melancholy Wrong's *Experiment*—
" The vengeful as self-stultified event !
" Is it not so ? by HIM the kindled ray
" Of Passion's spark that *now* lights mortal clay
" For life's increase—its true as buoyant source—
" Treacherous, 'tis doom'd a '*Sin !*' with Sin's remorse !
" Mock'd all the *innate* promptings of the soul,
" *Kindled* at once, and wayward *damp'd* control !
. . . " Wisdom (self-mock'd) its purpose *contradicts*—
" At once creates the germ—the blight inflicts !
" *Self*-foil'd persuades to bless—it *frustrates* vain—
" The rapture warms, and chills the radiant bane !
" Its self-stirr'd peremptory yearnings call
" Life on the track, blind hurried to its—Fall !

III.

"*The Toy of Passion*," *and* "*The Passionless Toy*."

" WHAT then? if Passion's spark in Man be *blame*
" Treacherous, the Maker lit the baleful flame—
" And—should in *this* New Birth its lustre play—
" Inspire, as now, the pulse of living clay
" Obeying Nature's compulsory law
" (At once, its Being's spring—and *innate flaw*)—
" 'Twould be,—but to *renew* a bootless game
" Of helpless frailty for its Maker's shame!
" On *mis*call'd 'Sin' the doom, *again*, were cast—
" (Drear memories haunt me of the vengeful Past)
" The tale of the Forbidden, Cunning Tree,
" Sweet treachery! dooming Bliss—and Eve and Me.
" Again—if *no* blest passion-lustre warm
" This new-born toy—'tis barren, *soulless*, charm! . . .
. . . *Imperfect* thus, whate'er the Mystery's plan—
" The Passion-warm'd or Passion-lacking Man—
. . . " I scorn this *un*impassion'd soulless 'toy'
" Thrust in our face! this tame 'New Eden's' joy!"

IV.

The imperfect Experiment.

" YES! *Sin*-dimm'd Birth—or Essence *free* from stain—
" Still, HELL condemns of *both* the riddle vain!
" Sees *either* feature IMPERFECTION shame—
" Its passion*less* or passion-*havock'd* blame:
" *This*, errs impure, alas, because it *must*—
" *This*, sins not, for it *can't*—as lacking Lust;

" *This*, has no Merit in its spotless frame—
" Nor *this*, in compulsory Passion—blame!
" Drear jest . . . Life, warm'd o'er Passions's eloquence,
" True to inspiring Nature's rapture-sense,
" If Wisdom kindle it—*why*, scares the dream
" It lit for BLISS—Sin's ghastly startling gleam? . . .
" Drear Will! drear Whim! the innate germ of Being,
" But rank *decay!* . . . so *blind*, was the All-seeing?
" He surely saw *not*—or, *such* Purpose, blind,
" Belied Perfection's pow'r—the Godhead's *Mind*."—
(And, here, 'mid ribald shout, vain scoff, and yell,
Echoed in dismal glee, the vault of Hell)
" But shun the Past—its weary waste—the view
" Turn to this bliss-bright *promis'd* Essence new;—
" Seek, *what* Heav'n's *present* aim? in blander mood
" *Mends* it, the fragile toy of flesh and blood?
" Paints it bright Innocence of features new—
" Streaming a brow of Seraph-radiance thro'—
" Some fond machine of choicer glittering dust
" Wound up to go straight on—because it *must?*—
" No impulse merit in its helpless clay—
" No will to rouse—no spark to light its way—
" And pure—because it lacks the *pow'r* to err—
" A languid Birth no genial *Passions* stir—
" Senseless as bright? . . . Oh, such, so fond a toy
" Can Wisdom frame—or shall Caprice, destroy,
" Spurning the futile boast?" . . .
He paus'd; while wait
The list'ning legions on his words of Fate—
As ardent flash'd his brow, the purpose high
Speaking, in glance of scornful mastery—
" Be ours, then, *ours*—the pride of Strife! once more
" To mar this Eden's mockery—as before;

" In this new Life's all pure as senseless breast
" Raise up the sweet self-murderous scorpion-nest—
" Should e'er o'er Earth the new-trick'd bauble crawl—
" Frail forked thing—this Man! . . . HELL dooms its Fall!"
And, at his accents, rose the madd'ning call
In echoes, vengeful wak'd, " *Hell dooms its Fall.*" . . .
. . . " Weary, I seek the Coming Glory-King!
" Deck'd in His 'Thousand Summers'' blossoming;
" After so many thousand *Winters*' gloom,
" Methinks 'twere time He wak'd the slumb'ring bloom!
. . . " I wait *in vain* to see the ray so fair
" Chasing the shades of Hell from mortal air;
" I wait *in vain* to hear the hopeless cry
" Of Pain and Sin from earthly confines die—
" *Still* is Hell's reign unbroken! still the brow
" Unquailing rears it—stern untaught to bow!
" Exult"—(and flash'd, as spoke he, from his eyes
Glaring 'gainst Heav'n, the lightning that defies)
" Exult!" . . . . .

V.

The Alarm.

. . . . . " BUT sudden, here, a cry arose
'Mid loud lament o'er some new starting woes;
And, lo, Hell's warder fell, whose monster-guise
Stalks half a fiend,[2] and half a dragon flies—
The fearful Sentry of that unblest gate,
Where HELL shuts out the glimpse of Hope, from Fate,
Snatch'd on wild wing of his disastrous flight,
With straining eyeballs' glare of wild affright
Thus cried—" Woe! Woe! for Hell an omen dread—
" Startled, I mark'd from Earth's New Eden shed

" The long-sought " Promise-star"—the roselight streak—
" Athwart the crest of burning billows break!
" As tho' an angel-smile play'd o'er the wave
" Where gloomily the frenzied whirlpools rave:
" Heed! 'tis the herald-dawn at last! the ray
" Lighting the hour of Earth's regenerate Day:
" Speak, SIN and DEATH! if err it, mock'd my sight?" . . .
He paus'd; when rose twin shadows of affright—
SIN, the loath'd aspect of a faded fair,
Distorted foul, and serpent-coil'd the hair—
DEATH, with his ghastly wither'd lips and thin
Skeleton Shade! gaunt maw, and rav'ning grin—
The first with shrill lamentings plain'd aghast,
With hollow accents, moaning, wail'd the last—
Thus SIN—" Alas, the hour long fear'd—'tis nigh!
" Earth smiles o'er Sin and Death—in victory:
" No fair *illusion* gleams—no promise *vain:*
" Life meets its Paradise; and Hell—its bane:
" Dawns a new world for Man! a Being new
" In *spotless* feature dight and *deathless* hue:
" Farewell, the Grave's and Sin's dear shadows fled,
" Lov'd haunts! where furtive watch'd we Pleasure tread:
" Lust's frenzied tide—it ebbs! and with our own
" Fades too, o'er Earth, Hell's Lord, *thy* empire flown."
She ceas'd: her bitter tale, the vaults profound,
In wild lament and drear upbraidings, drown'd:
DEATH, stern took up the wail, in hollow moan
Plain'd horrid more, and echoed groan for groan:
Impotent craving—the worm-havock'd maw—
Vain gnashing, still, the baffled, rav'ning jaw.
Satan, when, first, the tidings smote his heart,
Its rous'd dismay and wrath rebellious start:

His taunt flung back upon itself, he own'd
Unwilling—and involuntary groan'd:
Anon, indignant rose the spirit-pride—
Unquailing, still, the heav'nly Will defied;
Smothering his discontent—in scornful smile—
Lofty his words the stifled dread beguile—
Grim o'er his brow a gleam of triumph play'd
Facing its baneful purpose, undismay'd:
Like adder-fang, the Sneer still edg'd his tongue,
And e'en of Sin the callous bosom wrung.

VI.

The Sneer—of Solace.

" SWEET Daughter! for thy piteous *wrongs* take cheer—
" And dry, from those *chaste*, pleading, eyes, the tear!
" Give back thy brow, its leer's—hypocrisy;
" That brow—now, first, disguised not in—the Lie,"
(And bitter-smil'd he)." . . . " What? hath Hell in vain
" Triumph'd so long? What? fades the sway of Pain?
" Not so! *Still* smile Thou! still warp bad to worse—
" Still joy!—distorting every Bliss—a curse!
" Could I, thy Sire, for *Thee* blight Eden's hue—
" And shall I not my Daughter's sway *renew?* . . .
" Be sooth'd! . . . I see Lust's well-lov'd haunts *revive*,
" Thine, and thy Son's grim feast, yet gladder, thrive "—
(And at the words, fell-solac'd, hideous laugh'd
Grim Death, spontaneous; as o'er life-blood quaff'd;)
" Still sooth'd, see Pleasure's lure—*Destruction's* snare;
" Lend Hope a torch, to light, but to—Despair!
" See all the waste of vex'd Mortality
" Pains', Errors', world, anew, delight thine eye—

" Complacent watch Ambition's pinion stray—
" Too rashly soar, for deeper fall's dismay!—
" Life's dearest tyes perplex—a knot of woe;
" Hail Friendship but a jest; and Truth—a show:
" Still mock at wrongs of Wisdom's chaster Muse—
" Foul, license-stain'd, her Shrine of crystal hues:
" See Life's wide-canker'd heart before thee laid—
" Oh! it shall bleed anew! and Thou—invade! . . .
. . . " Ne'er deem thyself *deserted!* never dies
" The Sin-scath'd Doom of mortal sacrifice:
" There is in FATE a joy malign, to thwart
" All that was fondest hop'd for, in the heart!
" Did it make Man its *sport*—to glut it o'er
" The writhing worm—nor rescue, nor deplore?
" Boasts Heav'n—'it orders all things for the *best?*'—
" Nay! helpless Suff'ring spurns the dreary jest!
" See '*Providence*' (chill Mockery's name!) the cries
" Vain wearied *spurn*, where Man despairing lies,
" Flung to thyself and Death's grim maw a prey,
" Imploring vain, while breath's last struggles play—
. . . " What more? *Sooth'd* art Thou? dost thou scent the steam
" Of Sacrifice? . . . Oh, yes! thy smile's fell gleam
" Applauds thy Sire! . . . SIN's empire see *revive*,
" Or Hell forgets its Cunning! smile and live."
Bitter he spoke; yet in assurance' breath;
Fell cheer'd the drooping breast of Sin and Death;
Imprinted on his Daughter's brow a kiss,
That tortur'd its rous'd serpents to a hiss;
While, now, those venom'd crests, that darting stare,
Sunk to their wonted guise of golden hair;
While Death, her Son, stretch'd forth his grisly claw,
As tho' he clutch'd a prey to glut his maw;

To both—was mortal bane's dear glimpse disclos'd;
And the foul pair, in hung'ring hope, repos'd.

VII.

The War on Eden.

SATAN now summon'd eager to his side
A shape of youth's and human beauty's pride—
A satellite of Belial's giddy throng,
Whose day one glittering revel whirl'd along—
ASTAR—that, late, hell's bourn unblest had found,
In Pleasure's treacherous gulf too early drown'd,
While shar'd he Earth; skill'd early to betray,
And lead frail Beauty's steps his winning way.
" Hie thee! and by thy Art insinuate
" In this pure boast of clay regenerate—
" I mean this passionless *pretence* of joy—
(" Whose Maker's *self* must scorn—a senseless toy!)
" Reviv'd the Passion-stings, that lost have died
" In Life's chill spell of Feelings' currents dried:
" Be thine to pour, instill'd, the pulses' flow—
" Furtive as sweet of Passions' genial glow;
" Breathe all Thyself—thy spirit's subtle sway,
" Serpent-like wound—thro' veins of soulless clay:
" Bid the mock'd plaything's Inanition vain
" Spring 'neath Sensation's spark—a heart and brain!
" Kindle thy *own* bright spirit in the *dross*"—
" (For, such it is, how pure soe'er its gloss)—
" Till, animate with the voluptuous fire—
" Genial Affection's warmth and dear Desire
" Beam thro' the crystal of the ice-cold Shrine
" Illuming Bliss that, best, shows Life—divine!

" *Thyself* reflected in its rapture ray
" Bright'ning in Love's delight and Passion's play!
" Find me, once more, in thy dear visitings
" Life's *heart*, I've *lost*—sweet tortur'd in thy stings:
" Wake *Soul*—the slumb'ring lamp (as *I* of yore)—
" The ray inspire of Spirit-kindling *Lore*—
" *Intelligence*—the bright contagious spark
" Disturbing blest, Life's startled slumbers dark!
" This chaste chill torpor of the spell-bound Sense
" Rouse thrilling to a warmer eloquence—
" Reanimate the listless purity
" *True* bliss inspiring in thy spirit-sigh—
" ('Twill be as Zephyr's wing o'er dreaming lake)
" While longings sweet as strange-surpris'd awake;
" Languid insensibility revive
" Teach it to *love* (dear lesson!) if to *live;*
" Till—thy Promethean fire *true* life illume—
" A heart, a brain—to mock this barren bloom!
" Till—*soulless* charm, for *thy* Seduction's bane
" (Bitterly sweet!) Life forfeit—Hell's again." . . .
Sudden Jehovah's Voice in thunders dread
Shook Darkness realm . . . Hell, cow'ring, droop'd the head;
" ABADDON![8] *Accurs'd Spirit! strives thy Hate*
" *Once more to rend the barrier doom'd of Fate?*"
Thus, to Hell's guilty daring, seem'd to speak
The ire, where judgment's dreadful accents break,
In ling'ring menace fades their echoes' swell—
While rous'd it, thus, once more, the Scorn of Hell.
" Nay, start not at the Thunderer! let his ire
" Flash in the lightnings—what? a *prouder* fire
" Warms HELL's high Cause! Brief foil'd—a fleeting hour—
" Hurl back the blow! Shew *Heav'n* the baffled Pow'r! . . .

" Rise, Vassal! spoil this Eden's fair *pretence*,
" Dross uninform'd by one more Sov'reign Sense;
" Bright imbecility, but sway'd to move
" Blind where impels its course the Will Above;
" Poor bauble boat upon a summer tide,
" In listless calm unruffled seen to glide,
" Bland insipidity of Innocence—"
(And smil'd his scorn) " Illusion's impotence:—
" 'Tis *Thou* must nerve it! rife insinuate,
" *Thy* spirit-rescue of its languor's fate;
" Teach it to be—itself; be *Sin's* again—
(" If *such* be deem'd the sweet insidious bane!)
" In unsuspected dearly rous'd surprise
" *Passion's* bright lore inspire in heart and eyes;
" Sweet blinded 'neath thy Art, its fall too well
" Shall aid the *Self*-surrender'd Citadel;
" *Thy* Spirit breath'd thro' Life—with thine 'tis *One*—
" Rise! win restor'd the human heart—our throne."
Oh, RETRIBUTION'S terror—sure, tho' late,
Hangs o'er those scoffs, the brooding shadows' Fate!
. . . Again the thunders' whelming menace breaks—
Dreaded while mock'd. . . . Again th' AVENGER speaks—
Scares the wrung bosom of the trembling LIE,
Forc'd, sham'd, from Self, in ribalds vain, to fly. . . .
The lightning's portent branded every brow—
And, livid, blazon'd dread Atonement's Vow.

VIII.

The Joy of Pandæmonium.

STERN smil'd the Arch-deceiver in his might,
Conscious of pow'r o'er Life—as of his *right!*

His lip its scorn's self-gratulation curl'd,
Already scann'd he Frailty's tott'ring world:
Proud look'd he round to light contagious scorn
Shed from his brow, 'mid ribald echoes borne:
  See! Moloch's savage glee spoke in those eyes
Of kindled zest o'er blood's hop'd sacrifice;
Wolf-like he look'd, as scented he the steam
Of the rank Altar's carnage-lighted beam:
  Nor less to Belial's pamper'd spirit dear
Lust's tale reviv'd, spoke music to his ear:
  Scoff'd Chemosh too, thy wrath! "My Altar's flame—
"Quench'd all too long—shall Christ usurp[6] my name?"
  Sycophant Mammon pray'd Hell's lord, the reign
Nor more of Passion to revive than—Gain!
Nor darker lair hath Hell than *Lucre's* breast—
Its Furies harbour'd strife, for Life's unrest!
  Cheer'd, too, the Arch-Scorner many a hell-priz'd name
Blazon'd of *Man*—Force', Fraud's undying game:
Aloof and umber'd in the shadows stood,
Dim caught 'neath flashes from the burning flood—
The "splendid cut-throats" shrin'd of history—
Some famous: and some great in infamy:
The blood-stain'd scroll as it records their names
Seems as tho' shrinking, blush'd it o'er their shames!
Earth's desolators, Fanatics, the brood
That GOD's high name belied—excuse for blood:
Throngs, too, of loftier, or less proud renown,
Skulk'd brooding dark as shades that o'er them frown—
"Lycanthropes"—persecutors foul of men—
From Murders some, and some from Slander's den:
Hate's brooding scowl—the burning flush of Lust—
And wild Despair, and heart-sick drear Disgust:

Crush'd spirits too—spurn'd Merit's ill-starr'd throng—
Indignant blam'd the heav'nly treachery's wrong—
Enduring, self-denying, just, in vain—
Their virtues only mock'd—for sterner pain . . .
. . . Hell's hosts! *all* wore a gleam of ghastly glee!
Hell's reign, triumphant in the Future see!
Satan, as glanc'd he o'er the dæmon host,
Compassion'd Man of tortur'd fiends the *most!*
Proud in his meditated Second strife
With Heav'n, resolv'd to cheer the waste of Life:
" What fiend," he thought, " so vile thro' Darkness' span
" As wolf, that laps his *brother's* blood?—as *Man?*
" The mortal dreamer, that ne'er look'd on Hell,
" Paints it, from his *own* misery—and paints well!
" Oh! I compassion him! Hell's *imag'd* fear
" Reflects Life's *real* waste of shadows drear!
" Hypocrite! rail at Hell, yet play Hell's game!
" Reptile! whose blame is praise, whose praise is blame:
" Man! wretched thing! that wakes to curse the light
" As brings each morn recurring grief to sight;
" And shrinking, feels no boon of Heav'n could bless
" Kinder his doom than *lost Self-consciousness!*
" His best delight, too oft, a *brother's pain*—
" A malice' revel dark, Hell rivals vain—
" And asks him, as his Passion-Furies start,
" What Hell so fierce as cherish'd—in *his heart?*
" No Hell can know, what *mortal* bosom knows—
" Its aggravated Curse of conscious woes!
" *Mortification's* anguish hid below
" The struggling smile's too ill-dissembled show—
" See! wreck'd on savage rock of human hearts
" Life's bark! as ship that from her anchor parts!

" Oh, as I look o'er Fiends or Men—worse shame
" Darkens *Man's* brow! mock'd Hope, mock'd Love, mock'd Fame!
" No more!—it wakes a torture's worse unrest
" To scan the world-wide Hell—the *human breast;*
" The less we know this Pain's dark lair, the less
" Know we of Crime's, Shame's, Suff'ring's bitterness!
" He that can say 'his life is *not a hell*'
" In Mind's or Nature's anguish—soothes him well!"
Thus, SATAN thought—Pain's realm dark glancing round—
Its fellest fiends in *mortal* semblance found.
Thro' the dim vaults hear discords mingled float
Fierce Dipsas' hiss—fell Amphisbœna's throat;
Cries of weird joy—'mid wrath, strange blent with fear—
Wild glee of Pandæmonium's revel drear!
Rife struck it on the ear of Sin and Death—
They caught its strain with eager panting breath;
Hideous yell'd forth their exultation's cry,
Swelling the uproar's scorn more fearfully!
Eager again to Satan's feet they sped,
Pour'd the lust's pray'r once more—that earthward led.
" Brief while, your wish, too fatal beauteous One"
(Half cheer, half sneer, he spoke) " And Thou, dear Son,—
" Shall rich fulfilment meet! the way is smooth—
" Brief while! its lust *again* shall glut your tooth—
" No more—I've said!" . . .

IX.

" *Coming Shadows.*"

. . . Now—vassal, at my call
" AWAY! up! proudly win Man's Second Fall!
" ASTAR! league with thee, too, the subtle crew
" Of thy compeers, to guile this Eden new;

" A kindred throng, with kindred ardour mov'd—
" Their doom—'twas *thine;* since all too well they *lov'd*—
" Lust's victims: bid them win a dear *redress!*
" Snare Life's new birth in fatal-fond caress—
" In lusts inspir'd! Avenge ye now, on Heav'n—
" Marring its bright creation's spotless leav'n.
" Spirits! Indulgence' victims in your fall!
" E'en as bright Astar doom'd—the Judgment's thrall,—
" Speed ye! your sail of venture proudly swell;
" Speed! sown by Heav'n—the harvest reap—for Hell!
" Proud, tell on your return,[6] *my* ken foresaw
" How vain mends Heav'n its frail clay-vessel's flaw:
" Pure tho' the porcelain bright'ning to the view—
" Hell's ray, yet darts the thin transparence thro':
" The Almighty Potter—can he mould his clay
" Save with the germ *innate* of its *decay?* . . .
" Startle this golden dream! this soulless smile!
" And show the radiant toy—a mockery' guile;
" Pure, but while *senseless* all! . . . let *Reason* in—
" The light, alas, but shines detecting *Sin!*
" Drear mockery of *words!* . . . Ye serpents hiss!
" Rous'd Hell! arraign Heav'n's *frustrate* boon of Bliss!
" The *soul* Heav'n stints" (and laugh'd his scorn) "impart—
" Give for *new* doom this hollow toy—a heart.
" Thou! mine Arch-ministrant, thy Spirits' ray,
" Kindle the bright contagion! light the way!
" Rise all in youth's and manhood's fair disguise,
" Rife stir the springs of PASSION'S dear surprise,
" Breathe, subtle-sweet, the startled breast's alarm—
" Fond yearning guil'd to tempt its cherish'd harm:
" The past, 'old day' corrupt, of Folly's reign,
" *Restore* insidious—glittering false as vain—

" Its fashions' glare of whim's or taste's caprice—
" Whate'er, vain sooth'd, a *worldly* vision sees—
" Whate'er wins favour chiefest in the view
" Of fickle Woman's gaze in dazzling hue:
" To native grace, to looks that lure the heart,
" Add all, Attraction's spirit wins from Art."

X.

The Departure of Astar.

He said; and straight (as 'neath a charm) appear
Forms radiant all—a bright disguise's gear;
Beauteous the feature, aspect, bearing's grace—
The brow of manly pride, the speaking traits,—
Traits for deception form'd; the purpose pure
Of frankness' *seeming*, 'neath the treachery's lure:
The tongue's soft music, grateful most to sense,
Sweeter attun'd persuasion's eloquence:
Beauty, the mask of that deep lurking snare,
Hell in the bosom's ambush harbors there.

Well pleas'd Hell's lord survey'd the bright disguise
Fram'd to win grace in dazzled Frailty's eyes:
Anon—once more, in their own dæmon light
They glare—fell shapes to wing the fateful flight.

. . . " Impatience lend ye wings! before ye, there,
" My thoughts' proud flight already seems to bear!
" By *mine* your spirits kindled—we are *one!*
" Enough: I see ye eager to be gone:
" Already read my triumph in your eyes—
" Hell is but baffled, prouder yet to rise![7] . . .
" I see the Coming Shadows steal of Fate
" Stern boding—Hell's dark daring gratulate—
" Away!" . . .

Lo, wing they on the baleful flight:
While, keen, strain o'er it, SIN and DEATH, their sight;
Past, now, Hell's barrier from that Titan ridge
They sprung, where glar'd the fire-flood 'neath the Bridge:
Where on the adamantine mole, the flame
Blazon'd the scroll of an undying name:[8]
Bright Astar led the way on daring wing;
Rife cheer'd his peers on the emprize to spring:
Emulous of his spirit-zeal, they urge
The flight exulting, o'er the flaming surge;
Far stretch they, from the fatal barriers wan
Out-pour'd of Evil's home—their prison-span:
Like fabled Gryphon from its murky fen
To haunt Life's maze, its devastated den;
Or felon-crew,[9] escap'd its guilty way
From the gaol's bound, on heart of Peace to prey.

BOOK III.

THE "THOUSAND SUMMERS'" DAY.

"*Sing ye the* BEAUTY OF HOLINESS: *Thou Lord art handsome beyond the sons of Adam: Love is diffused in thy lips: therefore, God is enamoured of Thee for ever.*"—PSALM 45.

Contents:

Invocation of the restored Eden: God's remorse over its past Fall: His love manifested in its restoration, and as being the figurative revival of pristine Innocence. His mandate to the SON, to proceed to the Gathering of the Scattered Nations at Salem, the restored City of the New Eden. The condition of Life in the divine Presence: Divine Impersonation: The King of Bliss pourtrayed. Beauty of the New Salem and the restor'd Eden. Foot-prints of Eve. Innocence and purity of Humanity and all living things (*Isaiah.*) Presence of Prophets and Sages in *this*, the First Resurrection, and during the Reign of Peace. (*Rev.*)

Tancred's alternate joy at the scenes around him, and regrets at the loss of Ruth, whom he is still seeking (*B.* 1.) The Gathering of the Nations at the restored Temple proclaimed by the Angels. Tancred is suddenly led away from the scene (to be described in a future Book) by a figure in the semblance of Ruth, which had been constantly appearing to him and eluding him: he is deceived by the Powers of Evil; who had now arrived on earth, and at the scene of their designs, as directed by Satan (*Book* 2) under the conduct of Astar.

I.

The Lost Eden—found.

HEAR ye the Pæan, hymn'd o'er Nature's bound,
Glad Mystery—"*Lost Paradise is found?*"
Know'st thou thyself, bright World—one Glory-shrine?
Know'st thou charm'd Space—one smile of Love Divine? . . .
. . . Sweet airs! . . . and calls to heav'n your Seraph-sigh? . . .
Earth has a voice, too! Earth has harmony!
Responsive murmurs to your spirit-shell,
"*God smiles on me; and loves with Man to dwell.*"

Wander, oh wander, with the Soul of Love,
And taste, in Earth's new heav'n, the bliss Above !—
Bloom's lovelit world ! ætherial Being's spring
Past frailer mortal birth's imagining :
New fount of Essence pure as exquisite—
Consciousness—one diviner spell's delight—
Trance—heav'n-attun'd, and speaking thro' the sigh
Sublime enamour'd o'er your harmony ;
Lost, let me linger o'er the charm'd abode—
Still to find new delights—and find my God !
Alone with HIM—oh ! blest the Solitude
Whispering Love's Spirit, mystic felt to brood
O'er Life's new heav'n ! . . . Hark ; steals the seraph sigh
Warbling HIS Presence—and Earth's smiles reply.

Haunts lov'd of Heav'n ! charm'd Life—one golden dream—
Harps blissful swept, where Seraph pinions gleam—
Welcome the God that seeks your Eden's reign,
Where, dread, with Man His Spirit walks[1] again ;
Cleans'd from Sin's leprosy, once more, divine,
Show Man to God—His image and His shrine.

Alas, that God should seek such love-lit spot
And look for Man—His friend ; and find him, not !
But *now*, He finds him—for blest Mysteries—
New Eden's denizen—the Soul of Bliss :
Smiles on His image lov'd—nor false nor vain—
Passion-distorted mask of Sin and Pain.

" Lost Eden," thus, remorseful trembling, stole
God's Voice—lov'd, long lost music of her soul !
" When Earth's young brow ador'd her Maker's throne
" Her guileless light enshrin'd it, as His own ;
" In Innocence she lifted up her eyes
" Smil'd in His face—that to her smile replies

" One with her God . . . And turn'd my brow away?
" And mark'd my ire, betray'd, her footsteps stray?
" Is *this* the bourn—so lov'd, so fair to sight?
" I know it not—the waste of fled delight!
" Is *this* my home—wan Desolation's lair?
" Is *this* my welcome—Sin's lamenting air?
" Is this———but fades the night of Error's doom . . .
" Loves bliss-bright King! Arise! the waste relume!
" Wake, to Remorse more dear, the drooping bound,
" In thy brow's light—my own Lost Eden—Found."
Responsive beam'd the SON, His smile of Love,
While Eden's brow reflects the ray Above
A *living* bliss, bright waiting on His *Thought*
She starts; and grateful hails Him, incense-fraught;
Instinctive as her Spirit glows beneath
That smile of Love—where fades her chill of Death.
And now, as bow'd He at the Eternal Throne
Greets Him the Omnipotent, where crown'd He shone
In the unfading loveliness and might
Of radiant brows, the fount of living light.
" Go, Mercy's Lord, dread SON! thy bounty's ray
" Kindling the soul reviv'd, of Eden's day:
" Call to the fold our scatter'd flock amain,
" While heav'nly harps guile Exile of its chain.
" Lo! SALEM (ne'er forgot!) thy Presence' home
" Greets (lost so long!) her Promis'd Shiloh, come:
" Hear from her heart—thy dearest throne—the lay
" Hail thy bright reign—thy Thousand Summers' sway."
So spoke the Will Supreme: His way of Fate
As glorious led from the celestial gate
Redemption's King: while, eager hov'ring, caught
From the dread Mind their Inspiration's thought

The Seraph ministrants, that ever sing
In joy, still new, the glory of their King,
Spontaneous celebration's harmonies—
Their guerdon dear—approval in His eyes.
" Rise Salem in Thy glory's panoply,
" Know thee, once more, the home of the Most High :
" Broods o'er thy conscious Shrine the Mystery
" Eternal ! seeks thee, th' All-seeing Eye :
" Rise Salem ! know thy God ! thy Shiloh, come :
" Eden ! strew wreaths that He may know His home. . . .
" When, first, God's Spirit gleam'd o'er Chaos' shade—
" When, last, its ray shall see Earth's pillars fade
" (Far be the hour !) His Love shrines Eden still—
" Still hovers, dread, o'er *Zion's* holy hill :
" Lo ! 'Judah's sceptre ' Eden's roses twine :—
" Salem's lost throne ! once more, awake—divine !" . . .
Parts the dread King : bright Herald-wings 'mid song,
Blazon in light, Love's reign, they bear along :
The Shadows, far, thro' ling'ring Ages cast,
Fade 'neath glad fullness of the Hour at last.
Swift, too, Heav'n's ministrants their pinion bore,
O'ertake the scatter'd fold—to stray no more !
As watch-dogs' trusty voice reclaims the fold,
So—zealous, call, those Seraph-harps of gold.
Hark ! where they echo o'er the distant maze,
Wide thrilling Earth where'er the " Lost One" strays—
While *some* the King's exulting track before
Herald His throne the new-born Salem o'er.
" Open thy gates ! strew wreaths for Eden's King—
" Spontaneous 'neath His step her blossoms spring !
" Strew amaranthine garlands for His love—
" Sighing of heav'nly bow'rs He knows Above.

" Open thy gates ! nor open less thy heart
" SALEM ! to greet Him home—no more to part.
" Finds the lost flock its fold in Him ! Rejoice !
" Ye stray'd Ones, turn ye to the Shepherd's Voice."

II.

Tancred in the Golden City.

So swept the note of Seraph harmonies
O'er awe and charm of Salem's wak'd surprise ;
And Tancred, list'ning, bent him as they spoke
Where dazzling now the god-shrin'd City woke—
A wonder-world of beauty, pomp, delight,
Wide bursting o'er his wilder'd sense and sight ;
Led by those harps unseen, whose tuneful clue
His spell-bound trace involuntary drew ;
Anon to lure it where o'er Glory's throne
The Shepherd, 'mid His gather'd lost ones, shone.
'Twas e'en whilé spoke those Oracles on high,
And Earth put on her new-dight panoply—
While mystic floating o'er the Syrian bound,
The herald lay o'er mortal bosoms wound—
Tancred's charm'd sense 'neath that sweet spell and strange,
Had wond'ring mark'd his own[2] and Nature's change ;
Still led along in new delight to dream
O'er glory of regenerate Salem's beam. . . .
Hark ! ever and anon glad swells the note—
Joy's wave on wave—the wide stream'd echoes float !
" *Oh, may its Cunning's pride this hand forget,*[3]
" *If, from this heart, fade Salem's image yet !*"
" Hear Judah's soul outpour'd its welcome tell ;
" Hear Eden's world of bliss the echoes swell ;

" Mark! lovelier shrines the City pomp her bloom"
(Thus spoke his joy) "'mid incense-sigh'd perfume. . . .
" Seek ye her glitt'ring tow'rs? Sweet wander thro'
" Yon Paradise: impatient stretch the view
" Till wake it, dazzling soul and sight, her state
" Thron'd 'mid the bloom-starr'd theatre elate—
" Thrice blissful—RUTH! didst *Thou* but with me gaze!" . . .
Thus mus'd he as he scann'd the heav'n-lit maze,
Spirit-led by sweet murmurs haunting round—
Harmonious clue to yon God-brighten'd bound:
Pomp's golden flood, or crystal lustre-glow,
Rose-purpled, or in smile, like Iris' brow:
Spontaneous blooming wide, Earth's treasures pour,
Arcadia's[4] purpled dews and golden store.
Such, burst fair Salem on his dazzled eyes;
Charm'd, sudden all—recoil'd his step's surprise:
Sigh'd the delighted sense and pants the heart,
As the God-haunted splendours whelming start.
Long tranc'd, unsated, dwelt his spirit's praise,
Nor knew where fairest shone the beauteous blaze;
Gorgeous bewilderment! where led astray
The mind, seeks magic realms from earth away!
Charm rose on charm's surprise: new pomp behold!
The very pavements glow a sea of gold:
To the four winds proud rear'd each Titan gate,
Various, as cunning-wrought, its front elate—
This—amethystine vied with roselit air;
This—beryl-glittering o'er the crystal fair;
This—heav'n-like its blue sapphires starr'd with gold;
This—ruby-spangled, grac'd its ebon fold;
All silver shone the lintels clear as wave—
All diamond-starr'd the dazzling architrave;

Crocus and rose contending charm'd the sight,
Where spiral[5] gleam'd, the jasper columns' height,
The tracery rare, a heav'nly spirit breath'd,
Divine Artificers[6] its gem-flow'rs wreath'd;
Inlaid with nacre gleam'd the pearl-starr'd gold,
Pictur'd with Judah's fates its storied fold;
Lo! for the King Divine beams meet abode;
The City decks her—mindful of her God.
His first surprise, recover'd—with a sigh
More calm—more sad—its search bent Tancred's eye,
Dimm'd the heart's rapture and distraught the mind,
Since all forbad *her* lov'd lost trace to find—
"Were *She* with me—oh, *then*, 'twere fill'd the void
"Where yearns my heart! Yon scenes were thrice enjoy'd!"
Charm'd Earth seem'd conscious in her alter'd face—
Where, joy'd, She answers back the smile of Grace—
That She had rob'd her in the glory-light,
Vision'd erewhile in Prophet-rapture's sight;
Her roselight beam'd as tho' the hand of Day
Strew'd roses o'er the blissful Sov'reign's way;
SALEM, bright wilder'd saw, transform'd her sheen,
Her moss-grown walls, and ruin's ivied screen:
Admiring—o'er the dank wreck-scatter'd ways
Beheld fair dome and turrets' new dight blaze;
Their many-color'd marbles' chequer'd hue,
Fair—as yon flow'rs their wide mosaic strew:
A marvel to herself! stole o'er the guile
Her conscious brow's involuntary smile;
Like wan "Dead Sea" o'er Judah's desert spread,
Long had she languish'd—stagnate, dark, and dead:
But glittering, now, 'neath Eden's sun of pride
Glad sweeps along her exultation's tide.

" Oh, may its Cunning's pride this hand forget,
" If, from this heart, fade Salem's image yet !"
Still welcom'd Judah's heart yon well-lov'd bound,
Still Eden's echoes sigh responsive round,
Still breathing solace dear o'er Salem's breast,
Soothing her Memory's sigh of long unrest—
Attun'd to love divine and ling'ring there,
Sweet to forget itself—and Woe, for e'er!

III.

Glimpse of the "Thousand Summers."

O'ER a charm'd world gaz'd Tancred: Life was fair—
Thought, guise, congenial with that god-lit air:
His bliss o'er Earth's bright garden, boundless greets
A Paradise of ever-smiling sweets;
Intoxicate the wilder'd Sense o'er spell
Of unknown joys, as sighs the seraph shell—
Haunting the trance' delight, its murmur's stream,
Voicing the music of that golden Dream—
Harmonies sweet as strange! for transports felt
Too deep for utterance—o'er the heart to melt.
In many a dell's surprise bright Asphodel[7]
Strew'd angel-crowns: Blest Lotus' silvery bell
Glad peals to heav'n its jubilee, 'mid song
Of murmuring rills and odorous gales, along:
See purple Amaranth smile! Each had a voice,
Whose music sigh'd—*" Love reigns for e'er! Rejoice !"*
Smiling they recognis'd in earthly hue,
The charm reflected of the heav'n they knew,
And told the tale in their unfading wreath,
Of heav'nly sweets where sigh'd their balsam breath.

Sojourn divine and brighten'd by a God
Was this new heav'n on earth of His abode;
For Earth was one glad Garden's[8] luxury,
Where sweet were it to live and sweet to die.
Harmony, Bliss, and Love! . . . her bosom's swell
Respir'd the breath of an æthereal spell:
The sting of every morbid Passion-strife
Was fled, in that sweet calm where Love was Life!
Soft airs of mystic harps now rose, now died,
Guiling charm'd Sense to wander with them wide;
Now, waft the soul to heav'n upon their stream;
And fitful swept—now—fading o'er the dream
To leave it sweetly pain'd—in spell intent
To catch, anew, the stealing murmur bent:
As if the soul were parted with the strain—
Waited its sweet return—to live again!
Harmonious thrall of list'ning ravishment
O'er lost sweets. . . . Silence, e'en, was eloquent. . . .
When, list, in sweeter magic of its sighs
Anew it thrills the trembling heart's surprise—
Blending with breath of Eden's bow'rs around,
Enhancing in their sigh those sweets of sound;
'Mid aromatic odours wafted by,
Delight of Sense—and Sound's blent witchery.
Tancred, rapt, dream'd o'er them—enchanted stood;—
Yet, still—to *him* their charm—was Solitude!
For, tho' he look'd o'er boundless rapture's bourn,
Lost, transient, o'er it—he return'd—to mourn:
For, *where* was Ruth? . . . He gaz'd 'mid crowds—*alone*—
Life's dearest part—his other Self—was gone.
Here, as he mourn'd—a figure on his sight
In RUTH's lov'd semblance glanc'd—for hope's delight!

Like a fair meteor luring him, it strays,
Fitful as bright, vague, dazzling o'er the maze;
Rife on its radiant trace with beating heart
He sped; where still the devious glimmerings start:
Now, sudden flash'd—illusive brighter play'd—
And while he hop'd to reach them—treacherous fade!
Illusion false as dear! to mock his pain
Thrown back upon his Sorrow's search again.
Little he reck'd of guile that watch'd his way—
Or Hell false smiling in that mockery's ray.

IV.

The New Arcadia.

YES—Life's wide revel innocent and gay
Beam'd one Arcadian golden holiday:
GOD'S Omnipresent Inspiration shone—
Creation, gladness from His glory, won.
And, still, unsated roam'd young Tancred's eyes,
Joy'd o'er the radiant revel's Paradise
(Yet *more* to joy—when reach'd, anon, the Shrine
Whose awe and glory thron'd the King Divine)
Luxurious haunts! where tranc'd his spirit, felt
Shar'd with his Ruth—its bliss for e'er had dwelt!
For, dear invite they commune blest of Love—
Thro' golden hours, where blissful wand'rings rove;
Glad footsteps lose them, sweet securely hid
Thro' paths, that lose them too, those haunts amid—
Unwearying: o'er the flow'r-gemm'd lawn and bow'r
Sweet unperceiv'd, glides past, the smiling hour;
Scenes—bliss inspiring, for the dreams of Thought—
With azure glimpses thro' the vistas caught

Of streams that calm, 'mid those sweet haunts of rest,
Unruffled, flow'd, and tranquil as the breast. . . .
Oh, bliss to commune with the Soul of Love—
Attune the heart to seraph spells Above—
Sigh the dream's rapture o'er yon wilderness!
Labyrinths still new! perplexing sweet—to bless!
Blooms lovelit world! charm'd Life enamour'd there,
Lost wanders o'er thy magic maze for e'er—
Trance of delight attunes thy Seraph lay—
Trance of delight inspires thy rapture-ray.
Golden luxuriance of ambrosial fruit—
Whose germins ne'er in chiller earth-sod root—
Shone in bright mellowness of odorous store,
Drooping o'er Eden's crystal-glittering floor,
Reflecting charm of lucid-blending dyes—
Some—violaceous—melting luxuries—
Some—emerald glistering—or translucent streak
Of sapphire-tint, or languid drooping cheek
Of orange-crimson'd aromatic sweets—
Or ruby-tints, star-spangling those retreats:
In warmer glow, or softer liquid hue,
Varied delight for e'er—charm ever new—
Radiant they smile, illumine in their light
The maze—sweet tempting taste, delighting sight.
And murmurs sigh'd, of fountain-echoes stream,
Languidly, sweetly, lull the golden dream;
The Spirit Voice of that fair wilderness
Sigh'd o'er Seclusion's haunted lov'd recess—
—Ah! Tancred! *where* thy Ruth?—yon heav'nlit spot
Dearer to bless—thy Sorrow's search forgot?

V.

GOD *Revisits Eden.*

AND holier eyes than Tancred's gaz'd around;
And holier steps than Tancred's trac'd the bound:
GOD haunts the lovelit world: the drooping wild
Inspires:—once more the dear-sought Garden[9] smil'd!
And hath it linger'd *there* to mourn—His sight
Too long? . . . Wake, bloom relum'd at Mercy's light!
Joy'd see Him mark Earth's progeny, bright, pure,
Reflect His brow and smile at Hell secure.
There—were the known haunts wak'd as from the dead,
Dearly in love, in ruth, revisited—
Mystic preserv'd, inscrutable, thro' years—
Till now, at His return, bright reappears
Their bloom to welcome Him! See Eden's brow
Just as it smil'd of old, rekindled *now*
Greeting her God! just as she smil'd of yore—
Dearer (since lost so long) than e'er before.

VI.

Foot-prints of Eve.

YEA: pleas'd HE wanders o'er each well-lov'd scene—
Fond wakes the foot-prints—lost too long had been
Of EVE; first birth of Beauty! wont to stray
O'er labyrinths' delight that guil'd her way—
O'er rose-starr'd haunts, as sweet she sought the shade,
Sooth'd o'er the dream where fountain-murmurs play'd—
O'er emerald lawn—or blossom-crested mount—
Or lily-spangled bank o'er crystal fount,
Where mirror'd to her innocence surprise
Smil'd He, o'er wak'd self-marvel of her eyes.

He mark'd, reviv'd, her trace along the glade,
Where sweet, securely, erst its wanderings stray'd—
The lily skimm'd—that sweeter rear'd the head: . . .
Still, fresh, those mazes of her airy tread!
God smil'd to mark them, as her Presence woke
In pristine purity and trembling spoke;
The still small voice accusing, in her heart,
He hush'd—as tear, kiss'd off, about to start—
In her repentant graces, lovelier yet,
Sooth'd in His smile, that bids her, all forget!

VII.

GOD "*walks with Man.*" *(Gen.)*

YEA! roam'd GOD'S Spirit, blissful with the WORD,[10]
Glory impersonate of Aden's Lord,
The WORD in the Beginning's mystic spring,
That quicken'd Nature's, Eden's, blossoming.
LO, the ADONIM[11] greet their blest abode—
The blest abode smiles in the face of GOD;
And grateful pours its lay of thankfulness
Thro' myriad flow'rs that spring His path to bless.
"*Hail, Lord of Aden!*[12] *Adonais hail!*
"*Love's Glory brow, where dwindled suns look pale.*" . . .
The Seraph greetings round His Glory pour,
Echoed by Salem's heart thro' Eden's bow'r—
"As speedest thou from heav'n thy Promis'd trace
"See Truth,[13] see Right, returning, greet thy face!
"Glad tempts thy lip Arcadia's nectar-glow—
"Glad twines her rose, bright Eden, for thy brow!
"Attun'd to music of thy Spirit strain,
"Man hails thy voice thro' Eden's home again." . . .

And so, HE pass'd exulting; smiling prais'd
Earth's joy, her bloom rekindling as He gaz'd:
Well pleas'd, the Eternal Father saw His Will
Supreme, its Destinies of Love fulfil.

VIII.

Tancred's Regrets.

As Tancred trac'd the god-illumin'd scene
Duteous, he saw, full oft, where steps had been
Of Life's first parents: "Sweet! their Memory
" Sighs round! blest Adam, happier Thou than *I!*
" *Thou* saw'st thy Eve's soft hands with chaplet twine
" Thy brow and her's—alas! lost have I *mine!*
" Lo, here the very garlands, all as cast
" Upon their day of happiness—their last—
" That broke off with its rose—their Paradise. . . .
" And long the wither'd blossom sorrowing lies!
" Sweet wreath! *there* laid it—just as cast away
" Upon the dreadful Visitation's day—
" The Voice of God's wak'd wrath, the consciousness
" Startling of Sin, while Darkness' shadows press—
" Away! chill dream! the bloom, forlorn that died,
" See, smiles anew! and sweeter all, hath sigh'd."
Thus mus'd he o'er yon haunts, where ne'er too long
'Twas bliss to wander, tranc'd o'er sweets and song.
" *Hail, Lord of Aden! Adonais hail!*
" *Love's Glory brow, where dwindled suns look pale.*"
Still glad the Seraph salutations float,
Echoed by Salem's heart and Eden's note—
" And do I *dream?*" cried Tancred; "No! this balm
" Respires new life thro' Eden's roselit calm—

" Still haunts my wilder'd trance yon mystic light—
" Still gleams some new surprise of sound or sight!
" Methinks—at times—I *dream;* but dream in vain—
" For RUTH, too *true* thou'rt lost! too true my pain!"
Fain now the thought would guile him of his dearth—
" *Where'er She is—at least smiles round her Earth!*"
Furtive, for pain's forgetfulness, the wile
Of yon bright world, spontaneous, wak'd his smile:
Yes, oft contagious bliss, the harmony
Of Life, wak'd rapture's and not sorrow's sigh.
Smiling he mark'd glad Cherub-shapes[14] wing by,
Disporting 'mid the human family—
As revelling 'mid this New Eden's heav'n,
By the blest King to God's child-angels giv'n:
Delighted thro' harmonious roselit air,
Inhaling bliss in odours wafted there,
Glad flutter'd they—bright "birds of Paradise"—
On azure-glittering wing of gold-shot dyes:
In crystal goblets caught the nectar-dew,
Distill'd from clustres in empurpled hue
That melting shone, and musk-exhaling[15] blush,
Warmer illuming rose-light in their flush.
Smiling they dart o'er maze of flow'r-prank'd dyes,
Sweet wantoning in child-lov'd luxuries,
Where bow'rs in bright surprise fresh sweets exhal'd,
Unsated where their wilder'd bliss regal'd.
And Tancred smiling mark'd them—'mid the sigh
That still woke o'er his Ruth: while minstrelsy
Spoke to his heart, sweet recognis'd—the sound
That first[16] had lur'd him to the magic bound—
" *Selah! wak'd Eden's roses greet their King,*
" *Blush 'neath His smile and 'neath His footstep spring.*"

Adoring o'er its grace dwelt every eye,
And gazing won new life; new harmony.

XI.

The New Adam.

Oh! there was joy in Salem o'er the light
Of that bright Promis'd One—her King in sight!
As when o'er Tabor's[21] height, transfigur'd, glow'd
His glory-brow, lo! mystic radiance flow'd,
E'en as illumines dread the throne of God,
And, now, yon heav'n on earth of His abode—
Life's aspect from that brow's contagion bright
Glows in æthereal loveliness and light.
Shedding new day He wakes! around Him streams
New Life,[22] transfigur'd blissful, in His beams.
Love's light divine reflects it in the face
Of human forms, from His inspiring grace;
Fairer the aspect, and more pure the guise,
Body's and mind's congenial harmonies:
His Spirit—fount serene of Being *new*—
A sheen immortal lights, of brighter hue!
Ambrosial all, the dross refin'd of Man,
Fair Incarnation of diviner plan;
Of purer organs as of purer sheen,
Purg'd of the film of lusts, or gross, or mean.
In beauteous as unconscious naked guise
Forms freely mov'd before unblaming eyes—
No shame-dimm'd mask debasing Nature's pride—
And why? for there was *nought of shame* to hide!
Their nakedness,[23] their sacred *best* array—
Guileless they wore it—smil'd in face of day!

For Innocence with Eden liv'd again
The Reign of Heav'n, o'er banish'd mortal stain ;
Like Visions floated they thro' roselit air,
Æthereal loveliness of Spirit fair!
The bitterness that dash'd Life's cup—the gall—
Lost in its honied sweets—forgotten all!
Hearts that had burn'd, erewhile the seat of strife,
Now throbb'd to Concord's music, charming Life—
Respiring balm of Eden's breath—above
Passion's foul mists—dispers'd 'neath suns of LOVE.
Life's shapes seem'd gems, around His kingly crown,
In bright contagion of its light shed down :
A rarer porcelain's Essence[24] pure to eye,
As tho' Heav'n's birth put on Humanity:
A Spirit-light the guise! bright Innocence
Beaming its soul forth in the eloquence
Of angel-radiant traits—the Seraph-glow
Spirit-transfigur'd of a purer brow—
E'en as erewhile Love's sense knew chaster awe
When, late, his Bride[25] "transform'd," her Tancred saw.
Glad Seraph rapture-strains now swell, now die,
Blent sweeter yet, in bliss of Eden's sigh—
" *Joylight of* PARADISE! *blest Spirits rove*
" *Still for new bliss, 'mid haunts, where Life is Love!*"
Blest gratulation! blest, the Seraph shell
Attunes the trembling heart tranc'd o'er its swell!
Life's language—'tis one Spirit-harmony
To Heav'n's dear welcomings—one sweet reply!
Thro' all yon rapture-maze, not Eden's rose
Lit bloom so sweet, as—in the *bosom* blows!
Angels, spontaneous smil'd—as in the face
They look'd of Men—reflecting their *own* traits!

Encountering them delightedly, 'mid bow'rs
Rose-starr'd—indulgence' bliss of Golden Hours!
Glad greeting the New Essence' harmonies—
Welcoming *kindred* love in *kindred* guise.
" Hail, Sons of Heav'n! We know ye! Eden's bloom
" Decks your New Adam waking from the Tomb!
" Welcome, bright guests of Glory's Presence! know
" The Spirit-mirrors beam ye of His brow—
" Answer in eloquence of Light His traits—
" Undazzled, joy to look in Glory's face!
" Harmony's blest vibration's tones ye move,
" Thrill'd as the chord attunes His Soul of Love:
" One with the God that lights your Seraph-guise—
" Your heart—'tis Heav'n! your voice—'tis Eden sighs!"

XII.

Nature's Venom Forgot.

Nor Man, alone, the Spirit's purity
Reflects of that bright Eden's harmony—
Lo, all Earth's creatures thro' her rapture-bound
Shone pure, in Spirit of His Presence crown'd:
Strife,[26] nor in brute, nor human Essence, glows—
No more! the thorn for ever mars the rose:
No more! Destruction's rabid impulse works;
'Neath flow'ry smile no serpent treachery lurks;
The monster-coil behold—yet fear it not—
The reptile's venom'd cunning—'tis forgot!
The crested adder—harmless past it glides,
Or toy for childhood where it sportive chides:
Yea! infant tiny hands cull wreaths to deck
The speckled coil and scaly dragon-neck;

Smile on the *once* death-darting basilisk!—
Or view in mirth the spotted leopards frisk.
Mark! heedless the fell tiger passes by
The kid—that round it gambols sportively;
Forgets its ravings 'mid the savage lair—
Its rabid yell and eyeballs' fearful glare,
Charm'd 'neath the spell of Spirit-Innocence,
Whose Inspiration blest sways Nature's Sense.

XIII.

Spirits of the First Resurrection;[27] *or, the Court of Glory.*

Bright forms in joy round that blest Presence stand,
As men who gaze upon some new-won strand
After long travel to its wish'd-for bourn—
Guerdon'd at length their toils—long doom'd to mourn.
All Inspiration's conclave bent the view
On Him the Promis'd King—and liv'd anew.
Isaiah's brow exulting sees his Dream
Embodied *now*—a living triumph's beam.
Stream'd thro' the brow the Spirit-ray!—Saints, Sages,
Names that shed light o'er gloom of weary Ages—
A "Glory Court," bright shone they, round His throne;
And from its bliss-bright Fount new lustre won.
And One was there—with eyes of Love still bent
On Adonais' brow of light, intent—
With Scroll in hand. . . . "We know thee!" (Seraphs cry)
"Thy Inspiration's brow! thy dreaming eye!
"The King of Glory greets thee! Of His heart
"Still cherish'd Thou—a consecrated part.[28] . . .
They said: and Tancred mark'd the Dreamer's trance
Thus answer—as the Visions o'er it glance—

In voice of the APOCALYPSE . . . " Behold
" I see spread wide the heav'nly gates of gold!
" 'Mid harps exulting issues Glory's throng,
" Bright ADONAIS' name resounds the song:
" Lo, Enoch's brow the Vision lights from far—
" And hoar Elijah snatch'd on fiery car—
" The Patriarch throng: and Patience' child[20]—that bore
" Deep in his spirit, as his frame, the sore:
" Meet guests! Ye share HIS lovelit Eden's day,
" And your pure spirits swell its lustre ray.
" I see—like yours—with love of Man inspir'd
" Godlike, and in a human shape attir'd,
" Mortality's good Genii! Minds enduring!
" The self-denying, solacing, assuring.
" Shedding your spirit-balm o'er wounded hearts,
" And leaving light, where past, your footstep parts.
" Hail! Nysa's vine-crown'd Birth: Alcmæna's Son;
" Dying for Man—o'er Death thy triumph won,
" Hail, rock-bound Titan! Thou whose love for Man
" Bled every day thro' tortur'd Being's span;
" Mitred Zerdûsh—and Newton's Star gleam by,
" Lustre illuming dim Eternity—
. . . " All that have solaced mortal dearth I see. . . .
" Him—whose lip drops its honey—tempts the bee. . . .
. . . " Hail, Sage! unto thyself a world, o'er Pelf
" Sublime; thy proudest riches in THYSELF;
" Thou too! tho' greatest—humblest: Shame the vain!
" Link Earth to Heaven in Wisdom's golden chain.
" Blest choir! ye burst Death's sleep, the Glory-King
" Rejoicing greet—your Inspiration's spring. . . .
. . . " But darker Visions, envious, o'er me stream—
" Shall HELL's blam'd shadows chill the rapture-dream?

"Woe to ABADDON![80] may He torture vain
"Hell's heart to rend the adamantine chain!
"Woe to ABADDON! may no second Eve
"Yield him her faith—an Eden's hope deceive!"
And sorrowfully died the faltering lay—
The Dreamer turn'd, from woes foreseen away,
Shrinking He veils them . . . As his accents fade
Strains gladder wake, like sunbeams chasing shade—
"*Messiah! King of Bliss! Adonîm! Lord!*
"*Glory impersonate! Primæval Word!*
"*Blest Eden's roses, deathless, greet her King,*
"*Blush 'neath His smile and 'neath His footstep spring!*"
And Tancred marvell'd o'er the Dream's intent—
Till from its gloom recall'd, again he bent
O'er rapture's world—the smiling Paradise,
Unconscious it was watch'd by hostile eyes!
As yet, wide bliss Creation's music pour'd
Around the King of Light and Love ador'd,
Shrin'd 'mid His "Glory Court"—bright Eden's sway—
Where burst the Tomb those Shades, and hail His ray.

XIII.

The "Beauty of Holiness." (*Chron. Solomon.*)

TANCRED, adoring, dwelt in awe and love
On that bright Incarnation from Above;
Guil'd of its pain awhile (his spirit-dream
Albeit, still, haunts Ruth's fairy phantom-beam);
Yes—guil'd he dwelt where Glory's Presence shone—
Man's heart, His dearest empire and His throne.
If, transient, as the King survey'd the maze
Of Life regenerate in his Spirit-rays—

His breasts' heal'd wound *had bled afresh*[31] o'er thought
Of the dark Past, in sadder glimpses caught—
Yet,—soon his brow suffus'd a glow divine
O'er His dear triumph won! . . . See! Earth His Shrine,
Hail'd 'mid the harmonies of Angel strain. . . .
Oh ne'er may Hell's[32] dark discords speak it vain!
Glad marks He, Seraph Essences float by—
Make their new heav'n—the human family;
Life's shapes—beam gems to grace his kingly crown!
Lustres contagion of His ray shed down;
Transfiguration's sheen all heav'nly dight
Man's, Nature's, brow He saw[33] and bless'd their light!
And, as young Tancred look'd on with a sigh—
Mark'd round her King Life's god-lit harmony,
Her Eden's labyrinth-sweets—its dream's delight,
Where yet a *living* rapture joys the sight—
Intoxicate o'er spells bright wildering there—
Enchantments seraph-strain—yon roselit air—
. . . "Ah! Spirit-witchery!" (cried he) "did but SHE
Gaze on it too—and quaff its sweets with Me!"
Scarce had he spoke, than, sudden, on his sight
Started anew his Ruth's lov'd semblance light!
"And can it be herself? stay, lov'd one! stay!"
Eager he cried, and hastening sought the ray
Of smiles that greeted him . . . The vision play'd
Still fair, still fitful, treacherous still—to fade!
Does my sick brain *create* yon radiant wile?
"Haunts it but *Fancy*, in her *imag'd* smile?
"Alas! how like Herself! how dear to view!—
"Fond dream!" . . . Ah little, yet, Hell's guile he knew;
Haply, the smiling lure shall tempt again;—
Too soon—to teach, how true or false, his pain.

Now, rous'd his spell perplex'd, the echoes' tide,
Joy's wave on wave—thro' Salem streaming wide!
" *Bloom Sharon's rose! no more beneath the blast*
" *Sigh forth thy soul's sweet languor o'er a waste!*"
And Eden answer'd in her kindred sigh—
And magic touch'd his heart their harmony:
Alas! despite the bliss yon scenes diffuse,
Vain brighten'd Tancred's soul their lovelit hues—
If whisper'd it of fears that haunting start. . . .
. . . " Tho' *found* were Heav'n—'twas *lost* with Ruth his heart."
Again he turn'd upon the precious quest,
Bitter as dear—where yearning strove his breast;
Onward he wander'd 'mid the glittering host,
Where, in Life's bliss-bright chain, *one* link was lost!

XIV.

On to the Temple.[84]

" *One fold under One Shepherd*" . . . such, the note,
Heard, solemn, now, of Seraph-harps to float:
And, lo, a cry—" *They Come! the Gathering Day!*
" The Shepherd calls His flock—no more to stray!
" On, to Jehovah's Fane——On!" . . .
Tancred's gaze
Mark'd Judah's sons the truant step retrace—
Of many a varied Clime's varieties—
But with *one* heart—while sought *one* Shrine their eyes.
Borne as on dragon-wings,[85] their flame-swept flight
Rife pressing to the Shepherd's brow of light.
Oh, scene of joy and adoration's love,
The looks' remorse—that spoke all words above!
The King—the spurn'd erewhile—in Error's night,—
Hail'd by those hearts—their long-sought hope in sight.

Fain, now, had Tancred to that greeting press'd,
Forgiving and forgiv'n—of love confess'd:
When, lo, once more—what form like Ruth his eye
Guiles, flitting—(mark!)—past yon blest Shrine to fly? . . .
Rife strove his step the spot desir'd to gain—
The living barrier mock'd the effort vain.
Like wind-stirr'd volume of a rushing tide,
On press the hosts—to sweep his bark aside!—
On to the Fane—to bow before His Throne,
Where, now, the bliss-bright Shepherd greets "his own."
Tancred, like boat swept giddy on the tide,
See! drifts—to miss yon Pomp's blest haven wide:
Haply, some blander[86] hour shall speak the tale,
Whose echoes, now, vague mock him on the gale;
Like distant torrent's murmur sinks the lay
Of myriad hearts and harps that hymn'd the Day!
Faint and more faint the wavering echoes grew,
And yon proud Fane, too, glimmering mocks his view—
As, now, his step, far pass'd the City's maze,
Intent, while sought, Ruth's truant wile, his gaze.

XV.

The Dæmon Disguise.

On press'd he—when of fairest guise and mien
A youthful, gallant crew 'mid revel's scene
Accosts him——"And whom seek'st thou?" . . .
"'Tis a maid,
"All lone: all simply fair her wild wreath braid—
"('Twas wild rose of the thicket, smilingly
"Tempted to cull it as she wander'd by)—
"O'er her bright neck the gold tress straying flows,
"As sun-streak o'er her native Thracian[87] snows:

" O'er her soft form and gentle swelling breast—
" As the gale kiss'd it—waves her purple vest—
" O'er her symar the loose-twin'd vervain play'd"—
" A pilgrim-staff—her wandering footstep stay'd?" . . .
" The same!" . . . " *Such* and so fair—we saw e'en now—
" Eastward—where 'neath yon olive-shadow'd[88] brow
" Pure Cedron's brook soft murmuring wanders by,
" And lulls Seclusion's spirit-harmony—
" Haste! . . . glad o'ertake her! . . . haste!"
The joy that woke
In Tancred's breast his eyes delighted spoke—
" Then it was *true! no* Phantom mock'd these eyes—
" 'Twas Ruth's dear self awak'd my joy's surprise"—
And eager turn'd he on the courted way—
No more in vain his weary search to stray!
Oh, rapture of his hope: he pass'd the stream—
And lo, a form—no more a fairy dream—
Smil'd on his sight: and " Lov'd One" (cried he) " stay!
" Thou star of Love's too much benighted way—
" 'Tis Tancred calls!" . . . and still the smile replies
Of that fair form—still glanc'd those love-lit eyes:
. . . He follow'd—snatch'd her to his panting heart—
Alas! to own (too sure!) a Phantom part!
From shapes unseen, while hurry wild on air
The laughter-echoes, mocking his despair—
Oh, little dream'd he 'twas the voice—of HELL,
Already taunting Eden's bliss-bright spell!
His breast confounded—wilder'd his regard—
Fainting he sank, and death-like, on the sward.

BOOK IV.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

"The Voice of my Beloved! behold he cometh. I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys: He brought me to the banqueting house: My beloved spake, and said, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.'"—SONG OF SOLOMON, xi.

Contents.

Scene of the preceding Book continued: Astar dismisses his compeers on the work of undermining the spirit of purity on Earth. He proceeds on his way, alone; and finds RUTH asleep at the foot of a cedar, weary with wandering to Salem from the wood by Jordan, where Tancred had missed her. (Book I.) Accordingly, mindful of the instructions of Satan (Book II.), Astar exercises the fatal arts of Hell. He infuses his spirit into her own, for her destruction; causing her to believe that she is addressed by Tancred, whose semblance he puts on. The retreat named "Golden Opportunity."

§ The Syriac Talmud entitles this Book, variously, "The Second Eve."

I.

The Lycanthropes.[1]

AND where is RUTH? . . . ah, little did she dream
How fair a Treachery's lovelit, phantom-gleam,
Play'd in her *semblance*—saw her Tancred stray! . . .
And—shall HELL *find* her path, but—to betray?
Like fen-fire vague, still beckon'd false, the light—
Still fondly mock'd his step, the guile in sight—
The Phantom-witchery—smiling false as fair
Too dearly beckoning Hope—to mock Despair!
While guil'd he strays from all he lov'd so well,
Keener detects her trace the search of HELL?
Shall its dark Arts, in this *one* triumph crown'd,
Deal in all Life's wrung heart—a cureless wound?

Far other than the Seraph-lays that stole
Inspiring dreams of bliss in Tancred's soul,
Was the unearthly burst, the ribald's fear,
That o'er his pain, now, fades in echoes drear[1]—
Fearfully wavering o'er yon startled way,
Haunted by conscious gloom of Hell's dismay.

That voice—'twas Astar's—'mid the dæmon-crew
Fell joy'd o'er Arts, from fount accurs'd it drew;
Impatience fire of lust-fann'd appetite—
Gloating o'er imag'd revel's dark Delight.

Fell choir! yet, fair disguis'd, the gear, the mien—
Mark'd, unsuspected, 'mid yon joy-lit scène,
Where, now, by Astar led, Hell's baleful flight
Rests o'er bright Eden's maze—to dim its light.

Like Lycanthropes, the wolves in human guise,
Glar'd on the fold, its weakness to surprise—
Ay, prowling wolves! rife glares the hung'ring gaze
Where Beauty's light the lovely spoil betrays.

Oh! Astar mark'd well-pleas'd the shade of Hell,
E'en, now, steal furtive o'er the bliss-bright spell!
Already paler, trac'd, o'er Nature's cheek—
As conscious of some blight, the roselit streak—
Of some vague-haunting ill, a secret sense,
Disturbing, strange, the heart of Innocence!

" Speed ye," he cried; " well worth your pains, the prize!
" Lo, light your path a *thousand* Eve's bright eyes!
" A *thousand*—for the '*Thousand* Summers'' Hour—
" Brighter illumining its Eden's bow'r!
" A galaxy—*Hell's* night could brighten even—
" Out-dazzle the unnumber'd lamps of Heav'n!
" Our sov'reign's guile, when Eve, of yore, he won,
" Had *thousands* lur'd—had there been *more than One!*

" If *one* approving glance of Beauty's eye
" More potent sway than all Philosophy—
" See, what wide blooming charm inviting blows!
" The fragrance, scent ye not, of Eden's rose?
" Be yours to *pluck* it, dazzling where it greets
" Your rapture-search—'mid revel of its sweets!"
Thus spoke the baleful ribald; echoed back
By the fell crew, as sped the reckless track;
Monish'd yet more—" to gladden Hell's regale,
" Crown'd, speedy, with the joyous trophy's tale." . . .
Himself, now, parting—subtle, searching, lone—
In gallant guise of youth and beauty shone:
His thoughts a crooked labyrinth of wile,
Smooth'd 'neath the brow's content and careless smile.
He was a favor'd son of Belial: true
To Life's *past* game of Lusts: He little knew
Himself, o'er yon *chang'd* Earth! where sought he, vain,
A glimpse of well-known riot's tinsel reign—
His hope would yet relume! and glad reseek
The Shrine, his Vows, best priz'd, in Beauty's cheek.
His look'd-for haunts o'er yon fair maze were fled—
'Twas spotlessness of Eden's roses shed!
Too pure an atmosphere for Hell to breathe,
Its very balm—to dæmon-life—was Death.
Behold him! rife his step bespeaks the thought
That eager hails the dazzling venture sought:
Guil'd o'er full many a wanton Mem'ry bent,
Smil'd thro' the brow his spirit-light, content.
Lust's beacon-glare that led to Earth his way—
Fans he—Life's dazzled spirit to betray.

II.

The Foot of the Pillar; or, The Love Dream.

His fatal step now found the crystal dome,[8]—
Glory reviv'd of heav'nly Presence' home:
Alas! that Shrine so pure, should ever mourn
Hell's shadow stealing o'er its brightness' bourn!
There—at the jasper columns' burnish'd foot,
As tho' a flow'ret at a cedar's root,
What beauteous form as some bright Vision glows—
In slumber swelling soft the bosom's snows?
Astar in charm'd surprise gaz'd lost awhile—
Till starts he, rous'd o'er his remember'd guile—
The golden tresses waving o'er her breast,
Yon weary loveliness had sunk to rest:
The lips were parted in some sweet-stirr'd dream—
To *Tancred's* name those broken murmurs stream;
"And *where* belov'd One." . . . . .
broken, as a strain
Of airy music died the voice again. . . .
Tranc'd the fell gazer o'er that witchery's guise—
Involuntary snar'd in love's surprise—
Felt the blood rush back to his dæmon heart—
In Love's alarm forgot the wiles of art—
Drank from those lips' sweet syllables, confess'd
The secret dear the dreamer's heart possess'd:
Too well interprets he, her spirit's sigh!
Took up her dream in treacherous harmony!
Pour'd all his soul in hers; and by his art,
Insinuate, breath'd it, of her own a part—
In Tancred's semblance, youth and love-endued,
Responsive sigh'd, "*Her Tancred, near her stood!*"

His dæmon craft her bosom all possess'd;
Warm and more warm with Tancred's image bless'd;
Furtive in her's, inspir'd, his treachery's soul—
Sway'd her, those traits illusive dear control—
(As wizard Evil Eye's magnetic glance
Lightning-like strikes subdued, the victim's trance)
Guile, fatal e'en as dear! the smile that play'd
O'er those sweet lips, responsive greeting made,
Tempting the Foe to steal their honied store—
His love-draught's revel thirsting more and more.
Now, shed his Art a golden mist around
Their shrouded forms, unseen, securely crown'd;
And soft reposing by her dreaming charms
He held the treasure folded in his arms:
All unawares he glides to her embrace—
Clasp'd unresisting—that unconscious grace:
Contagious bliss those demon-promptings move—
The furtive harm's rekindled guile of Love.
Intoxicate, in the delirious spell
Fond tranc'd, she clasp'd the Image, lov'd—too well.
(Hell's wile!) held in her Vision's dear embrace—
Where lip press'd lip in ling'ring sweet delays,
When, as the guile's caresses wilder strain
She op'd her lids—her TANCRED sees again!
Too true, that cherish'd shape the trickster took!
'Twas Tancred's voice—*his* smile of love! *his* look!
Surpris'd, yet overjoy'd, her wilder'd eyes
A moment droop'd—then, joy o'ercame surprise—
. . . "And, lov'd one, hast thou found me? bliss of Fate!
"The world without thee, all was desolate,
"Thy step tho' far—thy image ever near—
"Liv'd in this heart—its sorrow's solace dear." . . .

And votive kisses clos'd the mutual strain
Of the heart's greeting—to which words were vain!
Of both, the mingled rapture and surprise
Glow'd in their beating hearts, and speaking eyes.
" Say yet?" she cried, and lovelier blushing shrank
As the warm love-draught from her lips he drank,
While o'er her bosom's snow caresses steal—
Of Love's dear testament the rapture-seal—
" Say yet? as wander'd we, erewhile,[4] methought
" Some marvel strange of new-born Essence wrought—
" Some purer yearnings' unimpassion'd dream
" Where Love scarce knew itself—a chasten'd beam?—
" As blush, that warm, thro' purple goblet glows,
" Softer its ray, thro' paler crystal throws?" . . .

III.

The false Tancred.

She spoke and blush'd, all bright as sunlit flow'r
That freshen'd seems to thank the vernal show'r;
False lit her throb, some warmer pulse again,—
As charm reviv'd of sweet suspended strain.
So, Hell, and dæmon-witchery inspire
In the soul's spotless shrine the treacherous fire.
Insidiously the current whirls anew
Her breast's poor bark—it unresisting drew—
Drifted upon the treacherous tide! the soul
Won back to late-lost throbs—its pure control,
Strange all as blest, flung off—where Passion's sense
Had slept 'neath charm of Eden's Innocence.
Desire's numb'd spark—damp'd Passion's chord unstrung
New glow'd! hush'd yearnings found, reviv'd, a tongue.

So fatal false, the dæmon trickery stole—
Possess'd it, of th' unguarded, blinded soul.
Her smile of innocence—*His* smile of guile—
Her heart confiding—and *His* heart of wile—
Spell, of Hell's darkest, worse accurs'd, pretence—
(MAN ! see *thyself !*) o'er trusting Innocence.
MAN ! hold up to thine *own* perfidiousness
The glass ! *Thyself* blame more—or, Astar, less !
Hear, the false Tancred sigh back to her heart—
" In losing *Thee*, Life lost its better part !
" Bliss as of light restor'd ! the dearth past by—
" Dearer rekindles Love its transport-sigh." . . .
. . . " And, *what*, that spell, that left our souls a *blank*—
" No love-light cheering Being's desert dank ?"
(Thus guilty spoke the Cunning of the Fiend
The Lie distorting Truth, too fairly screen'd)
" Haply,—some *harm* of pestilential sky
" Where sapping *life* with love, the vapours fly ?—
" Damping luxuriousness of joyance' flood
" In still stagnation's melancholy blood ? . . .
—(And paus'd he subtle—as tho' lost in thought
O'er some fond doubt, that unexplained, he sought)
" But fades the chiller spell !—Love's heav'n ador'd
" Thy Tancred blesses in Thyself restor'd "—
And words were lost—in kiss—bland-sealing kiss—
'Mid new embraces crowning mutual bliss. [5]

IV.

The Beginning of the End.

THUS, its fell game too fatal, Hell began—
Life's SECOND FALL renew'd, of destin'd Man !

Thus, Dæmon-guile, in sweet as venom'd Art
Wound it around the labyrinths of the heart—
Bland tortur'd its dear instincts—to Hell's aid—
Kindled the foe *within*—that *best* betray'd.
Hath SIN, Life's frailty-maze, *once more* beheld? . . .
SIN's sway and DEATH's! your late[6] alarms be quell'd!
A SECOND EVE, lost, lights the wandering ray
Guiles a wide sisterhood's benighted way.
Too short-liv'd Eden's rose! fair fingers tore
Erewhile thy wreath—to scatter it once more!
Fades with thy light, a World? The Phantom Tomb—
Steals it from Night? o'ercasts thy shrinking bloom? . . .
Astar e'enwhile he cull'd the envied flow'r,
Laugh'd secret o'er Hell's renovated pow'r;
Pictur'd Heav'n's frown, his guilty spirit-scorn,
O'er wreaths, Hell's hand from Eden's brow had torn!
Its fatal boasts his bosom's triumph swell,
And pant to fill the greedy ear of Hell;
While drinking deep the cup, sweet-venom'd quaff'd,
By guiler and beguil'd—his mockeries laugh'd!
Won, now, the fruit—his Lusts more careless taste:
He pluck'd the flow'r its scatter'd leaves to waste!
Over his fatal dear insidious guile
Scorn, thus, self-commun'd—languag'd in the smile.
"What? is not Life, sway'd e'er—as *now*—by *Dreams?*
"And Bliss, still vain, *self-guil'd*—o'er Phantom gleams?
"Truth's brow, too sober! sham'd, seems Earth to fly—
"That gloats more happy o'er some tinsel Lie!
"Truth! art thou '*Soul of Heav'n?*' Thy mastery
"Strives yet, too vain! . . . A prouder pow'r am I!"
His beauteous prey now lull'd in slumber's trance,
His magic wafted swift as lightning glance

To a charm'd spot,—still 'neath the golden haze
Bright screen'd, and wrapt from every curious gaze;
Still baffling Tancred's quest in mockery—
Eluding all—save ADONAIS' eye.

V.

Golden Opportunity.

'TWAS a charm'd haunt where screen'd his treasure lies.
What bliss salutes her waking hour's surprise!
It was Indulgence' wonder-work! its spell—
Seduction's rarest masteries of Hell.
. . . "Give me! some Love's, some blest Seclusion's seat,
"For every dearer rapture-dream's retreat—
"Luxurious—pensive sought—or sad-refin'd—
"For each, dear, wayward phase of heart or mind—
"Passion's bright play—the transport's ecstasy—
"Or gentler stirr'd, in tenderness, the sigh—
"Enhanc'd by all the ravishment's delight,
"The varied witcheries, trancing sense or sight"—
(Thus spoke the Fiend) "my sweet thrall, smilingly,
"To screen—*in love with her captivity!*" . . .
And ere the wish was wafted in his sigh,
Fair start to life the dreams of Phantasy!
(Such was the magic of his spirit-will,
Loveliest disguising every darker Ill!)
The picture's bright creation of his dream
No bland Delusion—but a *living* beam!
Well might it breathe a spell o'er heart—o'er eye;
Well nam'd too—"GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY."[7]
Yes, 'mid its labyrinths' charm,[8] occasions dear
For Love's fond secrets, found them everywhere!

'Twas bliss to wander thro' voluptuous days,
Ne'er felt too long 'mid its luxurious maze,—
Sweet lose oneself, amid its charm'd retreats
Thro' paths—that lost them too among its sweets:
And whispers soft of Love stole o'er the glade—
And figures glancing vanish'd thro' the shade
Into hush'd arbors of Security,
That conscious spread their arms round, lovingly:
Tremblingly o'er the heart the love-note dies. . . .
Tremblingly on the breeze its murmur sighs. . . .
Balm-breathing zephyrs, languid, droop'd the wing,
Of every varied bloom soft murmuring;
And melodies sweet ravishing the sense,
Tranc'd the soul, spell-bound, o'er their eloquence,
Upon the odorous gales rose fitfully—
Or fading vague in fainter cadence die,—
One while, in airy modulations stray,
Now—One wild gush sighs all their soul away!
Sigh'd, too, the heart to lose their witchery's spell—
Still bent to hear, anew, the rapture-swell:
Those aromatic odors wafted round
Enhanc'd the charm's bewilderment of sound:
All was enchantment's spell o'er heart—o'er eye—
Where sweet were it to live—and sweet to die!
While unperceiv'd the hours bland glide away,
Charm'd o'er the golden dream's harmonious ray.
And guiltier charm! to bless the fair retreat
A strange seductive murmur wander'd sweet—
A blandishment's persuasive peril dear,
(The captive soul was lost that bent to hear,)
By dæmon guile attun'd to *heav'nly* praise,
A *simulated* chord of Seraph lays—

Impious, deluding mind, and witching heart
Exquisite, as insidious, minstrel-art:
List not—each swelling note was treachery—
Discord disguis'd: its melody—a Lie!
List *yet*—you'd deem 'twas Heav'n's own music spoke,
So simulated sweet the murmur woke!—
" *Wake, Eden's rose! as o'er thee melts the strain,*
" *Ope thy sweet lids and brighten Earth again,*
" *Breathe sweets o'er Life.*" . . . And sighs a *Seraph* shell?
Or sweeps the magic chord the hand of—*Hell?*
" If, *all as sweet*, the strain—what boots the *name*,
" Or Hell's, or Heav'n's?—the magic is the *same!*"
Thus secret mock'd the Fiend; as murmurs start
Bland to beguile the unsuspecting heart;
For *who* could hear, and listen not, for e'er?
Sweet snatch'd from Self away, and tortur'd dear?
" Sigh, Eden's soul, to bliss of Seraph shell!—
" HELL, too, hath strains to charm thy bloom—as well:
" Ye Angel-minstrelsies! hear too the Voice
" Of Fallen Stars all sweet as yours—rejoice."

VI.

The New Eve.[9]

SUCH was the maze bewildering sense and sight,
In wide indulgence of its magic light—
Bright wrought a snare around the Captive-fair—
She little reck'd, how false, the witchery there!
O'er her, its charm intoxicating threw
The dazzling mirage—gold and azure hue,—
Ravishing sense—enchantment treacherous shed—
Where the false Tancred's art the victim led;

Her sprit lull'd beneath the witchery pour'd,
Dearer since shar'd with *him*, her soul ador'd—
So deem'd She, as she smil'd upon the gleam
Of the delights, that lit her golden dream.
Such, yon scene's hell-illumin'd luxury—
Fair maze! Yon "GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY:"
Scene, that shall see, anon,[10] in glee elate
Astar, and his fell peers luxuriate
In revel of the fatal dæmon-game—
For guileless Beauty spread, its snare of shame;
Here, its NEW EVE saw Hell's false smiling Ill
Sway the charm'd haunt, She brighten'd fairer still:
Her dearest dream thro' yon false Eden there—
Was—*Tancred's* semblance, *Tancred's* love smil'd near!

BOOK V.

THE GATHERING.

"And they shall bring you out of all nations, on horses, chariots, and 'litters' *to Jerusalem* (ISAIAH 66); *and there shall be Diadems of Beauty"* (28).

Contents.

ASTAR returns to his abode of Hell to inform Satan of the success of his enterprise, as in the instance of Ruth, and in assailing generally the peace and purity of the New Eden. He is directed to proceed, together with his compeers, in the work of betraying Life, yet more widely. Satan resolves to visit Earth in his own person, in order more completely to assail the Reign of Peace. The story, now, returns to the Gathering of the scattered flock of Israel by the Angel messengers, as directed by God, at an earlier stage of events (B. III.). The "Return" to the New Salem in *"litters"* (Isaiah) interpreted, as being "Railways." The Messiah's remorse and forgiveness. The Wandering Jew, Zalasmin. Astar's dæmon comrades, meantime, watch the arrival at Salem of the Nations; and amongst them, the Daughters of Zion, in order to exercise on them the designs of Hell.

I.

The Dæmon Sneer.

WITH eager glee to genial realm of Night
The dæmon-birth, now, wings retrac'd his flight—
Minion of Heav'n's Insulter:[1] the dark game
Of Hell exulting o'er,—for Eden's shame:
The cloven-foot-prints leaving o'er her maze,
Instinctive as she shrank, and mourn'd their trace.
" Bearer of golden tidings, Prince, I come—
" This brave new, *spotless* realm—behold *thy* home
" And *not* of Heav'n; unable to maintain
" The boast usurp'd, too fondly, of its reign!

" A pleasant sojourn's change for thee, 'mid fair
" And blooming haunts, from Hades' furnace-glare!"
(Each accent of the Scoffer's welcoming
Edg'd it in Sneer—like darted adder-sting)
" Already Sin and Death grim scent their prey
" Corruption's feast—but briefly snatch'd away—
" Ghastly reviv'd in holocausts of Lust
" Regenerate of perishable dust!"
(And laugh'd he) " Oh, too frail to face the day
" This porcelain fair transparence, shaming clay—
" This heav'n on Earth! . . 'tis dew 'neath sunlight spent—
" A fleeting Dream—a fond *Experiment*."
" Need I recount, how with *thy* spirit fir'd
" This boasted Innocence' stronghold desir'd
" I won? 'twas *innocent* indeed—of sense;
" Or to resist a snare, or foil pretence—
" I thank it! heav'n-like all, yet self-betray'd,
" Smiling, to see my craft so bland invade!
" Willing surrender'd, unsuspecting still—
" I put on heav'n so well!— . . . *Who* dreamt of Ill?
(And laugh'd he; while relax'd it, Satan's brow
Grim joy'd—saw Eden's garlands paler blow)
" What? *Nature* conquer'd *for* me! *blam'd* her new
" As fair disguise; since to herself untrue.
" Treacherous to her dear instincts' secret sense—
" Stifled her native transports' eloquence—
" Oh, She disdain'd the mask so strange, she bore;
" Eager to light the spark—her joy before!
" The rapture incontrollable within
" That sparkling beam'd o'er fabled fogs of Sin;
" The smouldering flame, relum'd of cherish'd fires
" Fann'd by *my* breath, in kindred dear desires."

(Oh hell-inspir'd and baleful Sophistry
The dæmon-insult of the ribald Lie!)
" Fair fortune of thy vassal! what forbids
" *Wider* the lovedews shed[3] o'er Beauty' lids?
" Oh, torrent-like whelms Life the sweet-spread bane
" Glad overflow of Passion's sweeping reign!
" Well, saidst thou,[3] Lord, 'Hell knows no Cunning's wile
" So potent winning as thro' *Beauty's* smile' " . . .
" It lack'd but *Soul* to warm it! lack'd but *heart*—
" Chill lost;—but wak'd, once more, their transports start!
" Yea! thro' fair Frailty speeds thy Astar best;
" One torch I've lit—to kindle all the rest—
" All Life sweet guil'd to wander back to Hell—
" Lo, our NEW EVE plays Eve's old part, as well!
" Yet, say not men or fiends seduce the fair
" 'Tis their *own* love-glance, sweet, provokes the Snare!
(Reckless he spoke; ne'er burden'd *Him*—a heart,—
Or, stony blunted, Hell, Love's fabled dart)
" Joy yet! while now I speak—full many a flow'r
" My willing compeers cull of Beauty's bow'r[4]
" In many a tender breast the rapture sense
" Starts from its listless spell of—*Innocence;*
" 'Neath the Promethean spark illum'd by Hell
" Instinctive wake alarms—*no* Heav'n can quell . . .
" Oh *Nature* thanks us—to *herself* restor'd—
" Luxuriates, her sway's *best* bliss, ador'd!—
" Nature,—sweet witch'd—charm'd, furtive, by *my* art
" Back, to her dear dominion o'er—the *heart.*
" Yes, Nature thanks us—tho' what *Heav'n* may do—
" I may *suspect* dread Sovereign—as may You."
And as he laugh'd in bitter ribald's glee
Satan fierce smil'd the game of Hell to see;

" Well hast thou striv'n ! and well *again* shalt strive !
" Fresh sip this honied feast of Eden's hive !
" Speed, venturous more ! False, Pleasure's *olden* train
" Rekindle wide—her Treacheries bright as vain ;
" All Arts that won the heart with soothing lies—
" The *Old* World's heart,[5] (*secure*—till SIN surprise !)
" Potent, relume ![6] Lust's soul—Lust's world respire
" In Life's new heart—the *self*-devouring fire—
" Ambition—Passion—every taint of flesh :
" The plague-spot wake of *Old* Disease afresh—
" And Earth is mine again ! In scorn survey,
" This Eden's fair new birth—*itself* betray !
" As yet—Heav'n sways : for ampler triumph wing—
" Earth but half won—and I, but half its King—
" Speed thou ! Myself, ere long, Life's forfeit throne
" Usurp'd by Heav'n shall proudly hail—my own !
" See at *Hell's* will, not Heav'n's, its puppets play
" And crown FATE's mastery o'er destin'd clay." . . .

II.

The Seraph Messengers.

No second challenge lack'd that eager ear :
The minion speeds the venture dark as dear :
And, thus, while, baleful, wing the Sons of Night—
Lo ! Angel pinions sweep the fields of Light !
Follow, where gleams, amain, their brighter way—
Hear Heav'n's behest attune the Seraph lay !
The Gathering strain of Israel's scatter'd crew
For sweet return whose glimpses mock'd the view
Erewhile, of hapless Tancred's[7] baffled gaze,
Fairer, anon, to cheer him in their rays.

Then follow, follow, where the Angel strain
Warbles its joy to drooping hearts amain,
"Lost ones! at length, your God 'His own' hath *found!*
"Turn from your lingering Exile's weary bound."
Thus, speak the mystic Heralds in their flight
As glance their pinions cheering Exile's night;
One with God's *thought*—God's *Will*—their flight, amain,
Instant, it spann'd wide Earth—waste, City, plain:
Unwearying, its welcome's wak'd surprise
O'ertaking Life, as its new dawnings rise;
In each thrill'd breast instructive whisp'rings told
The Coming Bliss—dear Dream! the AGE OF GOLD.
Glancing yet more distinct, the glimmerings start
Of rays, glad breaking o'er the shadow'd heart,
Rousing the torpor of its livelong gloom
Where Life—was living death—a boundless tomb:
Hov'ring o'er mortal track those bright wings stream
Unseen, yet felt, in many a Vision's beam,
Challenging hearts in mystic spell divine
Involuntary sway'd . . . "*Seek* SALEM'S *Shrine*!"

III.

The Exile abroad.

OH, strange the web of many colour'd dyes
Shed, wayward, o'er Life's wide varieties,
Marking the scatter'd flock of Judah's fold,
Grotesque, sublime! rags, gems, filth, purple, gold!
Now—pours its milk and honey, blest, the maze—
Now—wake the City's traffic-haunted ways—
Now—laughing harvests, beam in golden dyes—
Now—motley life a waste obscurer lies

Thro' crowded haunts, Infection-swept, and Death,
Pestilent air—contamination's breath:
Now—trac'd thro' princely sweep of gorgeous halls—
Now—sordid shunn'd, its fate degraded crawls—
Riddle[8] of human lot's vicissitudes!
Now, swaying States—now lost in Solitudes—
Now, through the hubbub of the busy town
Now, thro' dim wilderness or forest brown;
Again—thro' sordid alley's fretful din
Comate of grov'elling moil, disease, and Sin:
All blent, a varied as conflicting strain—
Yet told *One* tale of scatter'd Exile's pain!
Far, far, the unwearying Angel-pinion flies,
Wide scans Life's map of strange as varied dyes.
Hear, speak the Comic, as the Tragic Muse—
See, wayward guise of Fortune's motley hues!
Hark; *what* that lowly "son" of Traffic's strain—
The voice of Israel's humbler world of GAIN?
Familiar heard with a derisive smile
Or scoff? with patient shrug endured the while?
As the Jew, cringeing, hears it with a grin—
Muttering, throws back the taunt—"*We* laugh who *win*."
"*Old Clothes Old Clothes!*" fine Articals*h*, good madam!
"All toys*h* invented, *sh*ins*h* the days*h* of Adam . . .
"Come buy my orange*sh*! don't think I cozen
"(I *never do*) elevenpens*h* per dozen!
"Too cheap by half—they *ought* to be, a shilling:
"But to cut off the penny, s*h*ee! I'm willing!
"Come, s*h*ee my rarities! old *v*ares, old slop—
"Shelves upon shelves—my treasu'res*h*' lumber-shop—
"I do but charge—*three* hundred rate per Cent—
"Tremendous*h* s*h*acrifice! Yet . . . I'm content.

" Others (ay, all but my poor *S*helf) charge *eight*—
" Don't lose a bargain—Come ! or you're too late :
" Pens*h*ils, a penny each ! don't say the lead
" Only peeps—just to swear by—at the head " . . .
Such, the poor sordid chime of Traffic's sons—
The herd its daily round obscurely runs :
Quaint sounds ! thro' Life's throng'd haunts the Angel ear
They greet—where'er the " chosen flock " bleats near :
Life's grubs, their loathly calling duteous ply ;
At length to soar abroad—Wealth's butterfly.
On gilded wing and through luxurious bow'rs
Where smiling Fortune crowns Thrift's guerdon'd hours.
Glad, one and all, they heard the mystic voice—
Eager interpreted—and to rejoice !
Led uncontrollable the mystic way—
Where for new life, they hail'd the new-born day :
Regenerate bliss yet more of patriot fires
Welcomes the heritage of hallow'd sires.[9]
Whether 'mid Traffic's din—the Babel-maze—
Drear Poland's waste or sullen wilds of Thrace,[10]
Whisper'd in each stirr'd breast the voice *within*
Its music heard above the worldly din ;
Attun'd to greetings of the Seraph lay
That calls the flock restor'd—and guides the way.

IV.

The Wanderer.

But[11] *whose* that form, with flagging step and slow
Despair chill stamp'd upon the haggard brow ?
Those silvery locks the bow'd neck straggling o'er—
And downcast traits their doom for aye deplore—

" *Za-las-min* " . . . . hark, what hollow-echoed note
Heard o'er the wintry Thracian wild to float ?—
Again—it summons strange ! . . . behold him start,—
The mystic murmurs striking on his heart,
As syllables his name the sacred Voice
'Mid the weird void—to bid e'en *him*, " Rejoice."
" Wearily wandering o'er the desert drear "
(Hark, where it speaks) " thy footstep's goal is near !
" Seeming thro' distance further still to fly—
" Long years on years,—it rises on thine eye !
" Turn thee, and seek, at length, the Golden Home—
" Yea ! Thou *hast tarried till thy God be come* ! "
Awe-struck, his bosom sway'd in joy and fear,
Grateful—repentant—turns the Wanderer's ear ;
Prostrate he bows him at the Voice divine
As the big tears o'er woe-wak'd shames repine—
The hour *at length* of doom's and penance' sway
Fading before the golden Mercy ray !
See ! with new life, new youth, his footstep start,
For still, his heaviest load hath been—his heart.

V.

Salem in Sight.

WAKE Judah's Sons ! the long sought dawnings rise !
Wake 'neath that spell of mystic harmonies ;
Charming the mortal mist from sin-dimm'd eyes
Transfigur'd[13] wake, a brighter Being's guise !
Youth lights the brow : Hope lights it yet more fair—
Turn ! scatter'd flock—long wandering—for despair !
Once more o'er SALEM dwells your longing gaze,
Strains thro' the tear to greet the well-loved maze . . .

" *Oh may this hand its cunning's pride forget,*
" *If, from this heart, fade Salem's image yet !*"[13]
'Twas thus, your Welcome's dear ovation woke—
O'er Salem, thus, the heart of Judah spoke.

VI.

The Exile come home.

THE way 'tis won, for which (long years !) ye sigh'd,
From every Clime, and snatch'd on every tide :
No fortunes—proud or low—divide ye *now*—
Hark,—more distinct—the Prophet-echoes flow—
The magic[14] flight by Sacred Harps foretold.
Speed ye, spontaneous, to the blissful fold !
The bourn, where ling'ring, Exile sinks to rest,
Like weary child, on its MESSIAH'S breast.

Fair SALEM greets ye to her love's embrace
Like a fond mother, feeds her longing gaze,
Joys as the vapour-breathing steeds wing nigh
Waft back her stray'd ones to her parent eye ;
Those iron steeds, (like fable dragon flight,
Flame-breathing)—snatching past, their *destin'd* freight.

It seems, yon whirling cars some *Spirit* fires,
Conscious ;—and quickens them with *Mind's* desires ! .
Yea ; as if *conscious*, urging to yon goal
Of Bliss—inform'd, with purpose and a soul.

Hark ! Angel salutations swell :—" Behold
" The Shepherd sees, at last, HIS Gathering-fold !
" The *Promise*[15] won, thy welcome, Judah, pour
" O'er dear return ! o'er Man's regenerate hour !
" As lost, the gloom of Ages, fades away
"'Neath Eden's dawn relum'd, and Salem's ray."

Droop'd late,—like scatter'd boughs, 'neath tempest hurl'd
Yon forms:—See! bloom they, *now*—a Summer world!
And ADONAIS'[16] heart yearns o'er "His *own*:"—
Those *once* steel'd breasts—are, now, His dearest throne.
"*We know thee Promis'd One! Thou'rt come, tho' late—*
"*We take thee to our hearts, dread Child of Fate.*"[17]
So spoke they: at the throne of Mercy bow'd
Lowly, those brows—lost, *now* their menace proud;
In ruth's forgiveness gaz'd HE;—in remorse—
Bent to those Vows—albeit echoed hoarse
O'er His wrung bosom—Scoff, Denial, Hate—
(Away! dark Dream) . . . the bitter Cross's fate!
Well might He deem before those murderous brows
The conscious, guilt-upbraiding blood-drop flows;
It's conflict's anguish wrings His breast—alas!
Groan'd o'er the thought His Soul—but bade it pass[18]—
And straight His Love hath wip'd the stain away
Stifles the sigh—'neath Eden's rapture lay.
"*Messiah, King of Bliss,* ADONIM, *Lord,*
"*Glory Impersonate, Primeval* WORD,
"*Blest* EDEN'S *roses, deathless, greet her King*
"*Blush 'neath His smile and 'neath His footstep spring!*
One form He marks, 'mid yon repentant crew—
Years can o'ertake it ne'er—nor time subdue!
Like blasted trunk 'neath centuries of storm
Still rears (tho' seer'd) untam'd its spectral form—
Zalasmin—thine! . . . "*Shame-bow'd at thy dread feet*
"*I kneel: my Wanderings past—thy "Coming" greet:* . . .
. . . "*Forgiveness!*" . . . And the tears his utterance choke,
And more than words his grief, remorseful spoke.
"Yes thou *hast* 'tarried' Wanderer, "till I come:"
"And *now*—share with Me Eden's lovelit home."

He spoke:—Zalasmin's form, transfigur'd shone,
In youth, new-dight,—Pain's haggard traces, flown!
Silent, a wonder to himself, he gaz'd—
Now—his new guise: *now*—Mercy's Fountain prais'd.
As his long wanderings, found Forgiveness' rest,
For dear remorseful struggle of the breast.
Mark, with *his* tear,—full many a tear-drop flows
Compassion's genial tribute, o'er his woes—
And Tancred felt it:—*he* had "wander'd" too,
And felt a genial tear his lids bedew:
Still searching, dear, his Ruth—perplex'd,—his way
Vain sought a solace in the revel's ray
Stream'd from Life's joy around! His awe beheld
The grateful scene erewhile[19] the Fiend withheld
The "Gathering" blest! and 'neath the Seraph Strain
Involuntary joy'd his soul again.

VII.

Memories of the Past.

It was a joy of *terror!*—the intense—
The boundless welcoming's delighted Sense,—
As Exile's son restor'd, beheld his home
Shrine of his God,—his King of Glory—come!
A dream, too long, deluding fond the view—
In *living* splendour rob'd! bliss ever new!
"*Oh, may this hand, its Cunning's pride forget,*
"*If, from this heart, fade Salem's image yet*" . . .
Tancred in awe and joy the rapture-burst
Heard, from the fount of feelings cherish'd-nurst,
Pour o'er each dear retrac'd, as painful scene—
As Memory wanders where the Past has been,

Here—rose the halls of God-anointed Kings;
Here—god-inspir'd the Psalmist wak'd the strings—
Here—Silah's waters leap'd o'er Zion's hill—
Oh, hear reviv'd their echoes, dearer still!
Here, Wisdom's Child *Thy* Shrine, Jehovah, rear'd—
Spirit-illum'd, lo, wakes its brow rever'd—
Beacon to Israel! . . . lighting to its God!
'Mid Life's revival, hail'd His dread abode!
Here—the Assyrian pomps insulting, pass
And Judah bows the captive-brow—alas
Where willows[20] waving sigh o'er Babel's stream
Her one sad solace—Salem's cherished dream:
Hangs, mute her harp in its forgotten note
Where sorrowfully past, the waters float—
. . . Long years! . . . *What* speaks, that terror-darken'd sky?
What faltering accents murmur—"*Calvary*" . . .
. . . But visions blam'd away! the "veil in twain
'Tis rent" and Glory lights, anew, the Fane.
Dark dreams fade past:—"a living joy to sight
"Salem! we hail thee, throne of Glory's light!
"*This moment*, heals the dearth forlorn of *years*—
"This *moment's* smile, wipes Ages out of tears!" . .
And Tancred, silent led upon the stream
Of visions sweeping o'er the chequer'd dream
Lost, stood awhile—when, starting with a sigh
Call'd to himself he greets the lay swept by—
"*Oh, may its Cunning's pride this hand forget,*
"*If from this*[21] *heart fade Salem's image yet*"—
While still unsated, eager dwelt the view—
Still live retrac'd the cherish'd scenes, anew.

VIII.

The Daughters of Zion.

AND, now, a shout's admiring glad surprise
Spoke Salem's joy of eager hearts and eyes!
Where, lo, those magic cars a lovelier freight
Now wafted on their wings—as of delight!
Thro' purple-lit transparent-curtain'd dyes,
Snatch'd glimpses beam of Beauty's witcheries—
The fairest boast o'er Judah's garden blows—
Nor Rama's bloom so fair, nor Sharon's rose.
Dazzling as varied charm! their Beauty's snare
Where wove those golden locks, or raven hair,
Straying o'er pearl-bright neck in darker grace—
Or, bright, like sun-streak on the snows of Thrace.[23]
Dark glances, the Love's languor softer tell—
With those jet-gleaming tresses[24]—Iran's spell;
The heart dividing and the dazzled view
With the North's snow-white breasts and glances blue;
In rival loveliness a snare entwine
For the charm'd heart, those golden locks divine;
Alike, the peril bright of witchery's maze;
Snatch'd from Itself the Soul[24]—and tranc'd the gaze.
O'er Tancred's sight now beam'd those witcheries—
But bright howe'er—for *them* he had no eyes!
His love's dear spirit search—its constant Truth—
Still seeks the fleeting Vision[25] of his RUTH.
Erewhile, we mark'd him sport of dæmon spell,
Now—darker trace we, yet, the guile of Hell.

IX.

The Evil Eye.

ALAS! that o'er yon light of purity
Roam'd one more lawless, more unhallow'd eye!
Angels, smil'd, mirror'd in those aspects pure,
Where Spirits shone that smil'd at SIN—secure:
But *Hell* was there—if aught Remorse might move—
'Twas that chaste charm—that holier brow of Love!
But Fiends, now, play'd the part of *Men*—those eyes
But light the guilty flame of Hell's emprise:
That gentleness—but shone a dearer prey—
For Arts accurs'd, that, false, ador'd its ray.
Mark, then—yon guise of manly grace and youth—
It shines—fair mask, belying Love and Truth!
'Tis ASTAR'S soul in those false graces play'd;
And Eden's bloom shrunk umber'd in the shade
Of hovering ill, instinctive-dreaded nigh—
Some fascination fell of "Evil Eye"[28]
Bending malign its serpent-like regard
O'er her chill'd brow that speaks the spirit scar'd . . .
Follow we, HELL, *thy* trace—if but to mourn
O'er her dimm'd roses' conscious-shrinking bourn.

L'ENVOY.

(By Ben Ezra in the Damascus Talmud.)

LIST, ye! who fear to draw the Future's veil,
Trembling to meet the lurking Phantoms, pale—
Here pause content; while round ye, freshly blows
Thro' Eden's godlit maze her Summer rose.
But ye, who fain, what lurks behind would see—
Rise! draw the veil; face Truth—and follow Me.

BOOK VI.

THE BATH.

"And she was desirous to bathe herself in the garden fountain, for the noon was hot, nor knew she, that any eye looked on her."—(HISTORY OF SUSANNA.)

Contents:

The arrival of the daughters of Judah by Train (Isaiah's "litters") is watched by the disguised fiends, who, assuming the female shape, follow them to a fonntain in Eden, where they repair to batlle; the fiends thus disguised, mingle with the group; and mindful of the instructions of Satan given to Astar, exercise their arts to the peril of the unsuspecting maiden bathers.

I.

Wolves and Lambs.

As wolves, rife prowling round the fleecy brood
Ravening to glut the luxury of blood,
The Sons of Darkness hunger'd for the prey
Thrice beauteous tempting, in its virgin ray;
All brighter gleaming in the smile's delight
O'er Salem's "*Welcome home*" from Exile's night.
The magic, vapor-breathing steeds from far
Yield the fair freight of many a glittering car;[1]
Like rays, successive darting, pours the light
Of charm on charm, where Beauty's daughters bright
Greet their long way's desir'd as destin'd end—
And soft, as Angel drooping wings, descend.
The dæmon eyes all eager fed their gaze
On the bright marvel of those virgin rays.
Love's innocence those azure glances speak,
Or darker beaming o'er the blushing cheek—

Sway the soul more than all Philosophies—
Brightest *their* beam, of all yon Paradise!
Yes, yon fair Sisterhood of living light
Might well or dazzle Man's or Dæmon's sight!
Hell's bosom kindled 'neath the burning sigh
O'er imag'd feast of those, charms' luxury:
Yes, rife as wolves, yon lovely quarry, scents
HELL'S brood—let loose to prey on Innocence;
And Astar's spirit fiercer yet the fire
Incites, of treachery's breast and wild Desire:
The Lycanthropes—they prowl'd with stifled cry
To glut them in the heart of purity;
Secret rejoicing, confident, elate—
Haunting those steps of beauty—and of FATE!

II.

The False Sisterhood.

RIFE scann'd they, now where Beauty's weary crew
To the cool crystals of the bath withdrew;
(Like doves, that fluttering, droop the languid wing
Thro' summer air, where trickling leaps the spring)
With the long travel faint, yon languid grace
Sought the recess where pure a fountain plays
Swelling a lakelet, canopied 'mid bow'rs,
Sweeping its mossy banks and perfum'd flow'rs,
Where breathing sweets, the languid zephyr sighs
Blent with the murmuring fountain's harmonies.
In undisguis'd and naked witchery's light
Those charms now glitter'd on the dæmon-sight;
The guilty choir in *seeming* sisterhood
And beauty's bright disguise of smiles endued

Mask'd in hell's magic of a virgin show
(Veiling too well the treachery's soul below)
All *unsuspected* mingled with the throng:
Some—careless laid, their unveil'd charms along
The velvet bank, for weariness' repose—
Soft limbs all ivory bright and bosom's snows;
If lovely thro' the veil's translucence shone
Those forms—new charm their unrob'd graces won:
If *imag'd*—thro' the veil—they woke delight—
Love's bliss-bright *dream*—how heavenly more—the *sight!*
(Too dazzlingly[2] imperilling for eye
Of man's *past* world of frail humanity!)
Witchery of every artless attitude—
Banquet of sight! . . . ambrosial mould! nor blood
Lit that pure marvel of the pearl-bright skin
But some rose-ichor its transparence in!
While *some* amid the wave's translucent spray
The liquid crystals stirr'd, as birds at play,
And sharing their pure sport the *im*pure crew
Gave smile for smile—caresses playful too.
The golden-web cymar's transparence gone
The dazzling marvel of those graces shone;
Secure, as deem'd they, in the harmony
Of that sweet haunt and lone, from stranger eye;
Where nought look'd on them but the roseate sky,
And blossoms that sigh'd round them lovingly—
For tho' Life knew no[8] shame in unrob'd guise—
Yet, now, Seclusion shrank from stranger eyes;
And freely gave them to the crystal tide
Those lovelit graces, in their native pride.

III.

New "Eves of the Fountain."

LUSTRE, as of the alabaster's gleam
Mirror'd it in the lucid fountain-stream;
The amorous wave seem'd in its ripple's flow
Like kisses—melting o'er those bosoms' snow;
Sparkling with joy its liquid crystal plays
Circling those radiant limbs in joy'd embrace—
Charms, that shed purer light the fountain thro',
Tremblingly, sparkling lit, its diamond dew:
Those living stars a Heav'n of lambent light
Glitter'd!—the liquid crystals play'd so bright!
Clear flood, where Bathsheba[4] in sweet surprise—
Ravishing unrob'd grace—witch'd David's eyes.
Where chaste Susanna, too, her beauties gave
Unconscious she was gaz'd at—to the wave:
The slender waist, the swelling ivory breast—
While thro' the fount's translucence glow'd the rest:
Shrinking[5] behold her in the heighten'd charm
Of graces lovelier yet in their alarm—
Temptation—transport—torture—kindled there—
Tantalus' cup itself were less despair!
Lovely as Eve[6] her alabaster arms
Stretch'd fond, to greet her fountain-mirror'd charms;
Those beauties, pure as crystals of the tide—
As chaste—where lawless love vain look'd and sigh'd:—
Oh, had Susanna's guardian Spirit sway'd
Yon guileless charms—Hell's game had vainly play'd.
What lawless yearnings wrung the dæmon crew
As unrestrain'd, unsated, gloats the view

O'er bright unconscious loveliness betray'd,
Of each smile-beaming unsuspecting maid!
While mingled with the naked galaxy
The *seeming fair*, as smiles to smile reply—
Innocence, trustful, looks into the eyes
Of seeming Sisterhood—and dear disguise.
Yea! many an art of seeming innocence
And playful charm, inspiring confidence,
Those fair false sisters play'd—with roses deck
Cull'd from the lakelet's bank, the snowy neck—
In disport bland with the sweet sisterhood
'Mid the luxurious crystal-sparkling flood;
Those snowy arms soft twining in their own—
While 'mid the heart's glad laugh the dew-sprays thrown
Glitter'd in rainbow dyes thro' roseate air
'Mid odorous sweets and fountain-murmurs there.

IV.

The fatal repose.

Now, wearied, those fair forms with happy play,
O'er flow'r-starr'd bank reposing sink away—
Like flow'rets, drooping their sweet lids, 'neath dew
Of stars, that wake, those stars of earth to view—
In unveil'd loveliness' voluptuous ease,
Soft kiss'd their dew-pearl'd tresses by the breeze;
Caress'd with smiles and kisses dear, their charms,
'Mid commune sweet, in those false sisters' arms;
Eager devour'd by the unhallow'd eye
Their unrob'd grace' unconscious purity—
For ravished sight, what spirit-dazzling feast!
The glowing limbs, the snowy swelling breast—

The form's soft mould—Love's brightest masteries—
Charms o'er which rapture's trembling spirit sighs—
Locks, raven-bright luxuriating; or
Golden—their streaks, as rays o'er snow-bank pour:
Warm and more warm in every dear caress
Those seeming sisters guile that loveliness,
Rapture-inspiring, in the spirit-breath—
Subtle infection! sweet desire—and Death.[7]
Thro' the stirr'd veins the flame insidious crept—
The passion-instincts rous'd that latent slept,
Into those spotless breasts infus'd the soul,
Of Hell's insidious-kindled, bland control;
Like dawn o'er night, illumining the sense
Where lull'd with Sin, had slept—*Intelligence*,[8]
So late, lost in the spell, that purer stole
Transforming[9] to blest Innocence the soul;
The Soul—that dazzled, as 'neath sudden light
Now *knows*[10] *itself again*, and starts from night!—
("*Oh Heav'n-blest Nature's plan! a Soul but lives*,"
Hear, Hell dark whisper, "*but, as Passion strives!*")
Turns, as rememb'ring a lost, music's spell—
Too treacherous lure—so sweet a craft hath Hell!
Alas, in the pure trusting breast, incites
A sting—too fatal rous'd—its strange delights;
Innocence, unsuspecting all as sweet,
Guileless itself—nor looking guile to meet—
And ere the breast too artless woke, aware
Of its lost health—it found it in the snare!
The Sense, too dear assail'd, intoxicate
Yielded it, unresistingly—to FATE:
Sweet tortured in surprise' bewilderment
Of new unwonted thrill, more witching lent;

Lull'd too by blandishments' insidious spell,
O'er melting guileless breasts that wrought—too well:
Half joy'd and half surpris'd, the startled soul—
At its new Nature's sweet as strange control.

V.

The Witchcraft of Hell.

AROUND, all witcheries of sound or sight
Enhance the charm of those sweet haunts' delight;
Hell's arts—voluptuous Nature's charms—conspire
To fan the subtle flame of young Desire:
O'er odorous bow'rs the languid zephyr dies
Blent its soft breath with airy minstrelsies—
Harps counterfeiting Heav'n—so sweet their swell!
But breathing inspirations false—of Hell—
Murmuring touch'd the heart, and melting died—
Their bland Seduction's lore, infectious sigh'd;
'Mid fountains warbling soft and blossoms' gleam,
One soul-intoxicating, golden dream!
So sweet enhanc'd, the dæmon wile around
The spirit-blandishments of sense or sound.

Soft air, fair earth, or languid flow'r, or rill
Thro' roselit calm, Love's music whisper'd still:
All was sweet peril's witchery: blandishment
Where, still, the new Enchantment's spirit blent;—
Murmuring bliss, the fountain echoes stream—
Lull the charm'd spirit sighing thro' its dream;
Bow'rs, in their soften'd light, the blush conceal'd—
Hid from itself—the tender truth reveal'd.

Those vague-stirr'd airs—their peril's magic sigh
Soft, o'er the spirit-languor, swell and die;

Attuning to their sweet bane's eloquence
The heart-strings trembling; captive-tranc'd, the Sense.
And lovelit eyes glow'd ardent; and spoke more
Than the lip's challenge—Passion's new-wak'd lore:
The hand's dear pressure—sweet imploring gaze—
(Oh, art of Hell!) and darted passion-rays—
All,—pour'd Seduction's spirit bland! while fair
Those bow'rs screen'd Love, 'mid bliss of balm-breath'd air
To Love inciting and Indulgence' spell—
Rapture, where Life with Love would ever dwell.
Ravishing, list, anew, those harmonies, . . .
Disturbing sweet the soul their Treachery sighs:
Now, floating on the breeze in wavering swell—
Tremblingly vague—now, lost their airy spell
Calling the soul to follow its sweet clue
To worlds of bliss it tempts illusive to;
Led from itself the heart, and sweetly lost
In bland-stirr'd longings, agitated tost—
Fond aching o'er some rapture undefin'd
The panting breast—sweet-tortur'd strange, the mind.
Those forms—oh, guileless charm! confiding truth!
Hell might relent—and sparing melt in ruth!
Furtive, those hearts, some unknown witchcraft sense
Haunts, strange alarming Angel innocence!
A vague unrest—a turbid pulse of fire—
Unwonted glow—no Eden's sighs respire!
Sweet pain—the bland delirium's kindled sigh—
Voic'd the false heav'n of treacherous ecstasy—
Alas! voluptuous, fatal Charm's Desire—
Shaming the light, pure hail'd by Seraph lyre!
Murmurs steal incoherent thro' the lips
Where Hell its poison'd honey breathes, and sips:

And the soft glance of those confiding eyes
To the persuasion's blandishment replies.
The heart's new secret, blushes speak and sighs
(Where *words* were drown'd) in silent treacheries.

VI.

Rest of Unrest.

THE fading light now spread its softer veil—
Flow'rs thro' the dew a sweeter breath exhale,
Wearied with happy toils—and wanderings blest—
'Neath Slumber's wing those virgin graces rest:
Softer, through silence, steals the echo's note
Of babbling rill; and zephyrs languid float;
Those murmurs, bland persuading slumber, stole
Sweet haunting the charm'd languor of the soul;
Furtive o'ertaken by the dreamy spell,
Lull'd in repose, those ivory bosoms swell.
Languidly, softly, steals the Slumber dew,
Languidly, softly, fade the bow'rs from view,
Fainter upon the heart the vague airs die—
Shadows of sound—that wander dreamingly
Upon the swimming sense and spirit-trance;
While, now, o'er Slumber, Visions smiling glance—
Bland agitate the breast's alarms, inspir'd
In witching tumults' dæmon-magic fir'd:
Bright forms caressing guile—the glance control
Of speaking eyes that look'd into the soul—
All—lur'd (of Hell, the helpless lovely prey)—
The *Angel-spirit from itself* away:[11]
While the false Sisters' unrestrain'd caress
Luxuriates o'er yielding loveliness,

Lock'd, unsuspecting, in the snare's embrace
Of those false forms—nor reck'd what guile betrays.
Half conscious, half entranc'd, the dreamy sense
'Neath magic strange o'ermastering blandishments:
That treacherous Slumber wrapt in its false spell
Loving and lov'd:—for triumph sweet of Hell.
O'er Passion's gust, now steals the trance of balm
The soul's bland tumult lulling in its calm;
Faded the wilder throbs' delirious sense,
As wakes *thy* dear-bought meed—*Intelligence!*
Anon—accuses, thy reproachful Eye,[18]
The shrinking shame-bow'd wreck of purity;
Turn'd in upon thyself—to read the doom
(Dark character'd—SIN's *Knowledge*)—of the TOMB!

VII.

The Accusing Light.

"*O'er Judah's chosen race bid Hell rejoice*
"*For Judah's Daughters, best make* HELL *their choice.*"
So spoke the triumph of the baleful *Sneer*
The ribald vaunt, to Darkness' Spirit dear
In conquest won of *Passion's* paradise
O'er Eden mock'd! Exulting Hell's disguise!
When turn'd those lovely eyes their waking sight
To look in face, again, of blushing light—
Shrinking they droop'd: its challenge, (see!) the flush
Answers more warm, than INNOCENCE might blush.
Wak'd to *Intelligence*, the spirit knew
What 'twas to think and feel[18] and love—and rue!
They put off nakedness to put on—Shame;
The haunting consciousness of self-wrought blame.

From SELF they shrank, as from accusing day
Loath'd Love's new treasures, that, too false, betray:
They sought to veil them now, in borrow'd gear:—
Their Innocence' *best* garb—was lost for e'er!
Gnaws thy sick heart, a cankerworm, sweet Rose!
Thy Eden's taint, the Sin-dimm'd vapour blows:
Chill ebb thy purple veins: pale droops the bow'r:
Thy Thousand Summers blighted—in an Hour.

BOOK VII.

SABA; OR, THE PRIESTESS AND THE FIEND.

"Sing ye the Beauty of Holiness."—CHRON. *"Is it the voice of my Beloved."*—SOLOMON.

Contents:

Still bent upon the guilty object of undermining the stability of the New Kingdom of Peace and Innocence, the Fiend endeavours to restore the corruptions of the Old World of Sin and Vanity; mindful of the injunctions of Satan to that effect. (*See* Book V.) He practises his arts widely on unsuspecting frailty; and emboldened by success, marks out SABA, the Priestess of the Temple, as his victim. The sorrow of the King of Bliss, at finding the rebellious designs of Hell more and more guiltily frustrating the blessed objects of Man's purity and happiness. The fate of Saba. Downfall of the Temple; and lament of the Seraphs over the decay of Eden, as *premonitory* of yet more awful Judgments. [§ The Damascus Talmud entitles this Book variously, *"The Downfall of the Temple,"* and *"Glimpses of the Old World."*]

I.

TANCRED *and* RUTH: *The Phantom Pair.*

AND where? 'mid all the charm of Beauty's bound
Thy weary search, its lov'd lost treasure found,
TANCRED? . . . Alas! alone the "Evil Eye"[1]
Dwells on her brow of love—to mark her, sigh
All unsuspecting fond—o'er hell-born wiles
Where,[2] still, *thy* Phantom-semblance on her smiles!
Tho' lost for e'er she seem—and lock'd in night—
Oh, never lost her Image from thy sight!
As in a cave's dark depths, light's glimpses play,
So I cheer'd thy inmost heart her semblance' ray,
For ever smiling near, the lovelit Dream—
And oft, thy path surpris'd it fair, the gleam—

Image for Image! Still *Delusion* smil'd
On *each*, like Truth (as wont); and *both* beguil'd.
Still, baffled, toils thy search: thy fate to mourn,
Till He—the blest One[8]—heal the dearth forlorn.
Solace thee, yet! not, thou, *alone* of Hell
The mockery's sport— all Life partakes the spell.
SABA! oh say if whisper *true* the fear
Thy Visions speak—for thou to God art dear?
SABA! blest, beauteous Priestess of the Shrine
Purity's soul impersonate, divine!
Not Beatrice's Mystery than Thou
More fair; not Innocence of Eve's pure brow!
What Hell-fraught bane of pestilential harm
Menac'd thy hallow'd sweets' false-blighted charm? . . .
But pause—e'er to the Shrine we follow Fate—
Trace we Hell's serpent-windings to the gate.

II.

Life's Incendiary.

Now, Astar, vassal true, Hell's bidding dark
Rife speeds, for Passion's wider-kindled spark,
O'er Life's devoted maze insidious lit;—
While gloats the Cunning of his dæmon Wit,
Watching the creeping flame, anon, to start
For triumph of his darker darings' art,—
In fiercer devastation's spreading doom,
Stealing on Eden's unsuspecting bloom.
Baleful, as o'er some havock'd prairie vast
Sweeps the flame's roaring volume 'neath the blast—
Startling the dream of giant brooding woods
And lighting in its mirror'd blaze the floods,

While the gaunt forest-trunks wan wilder'd stare,
And Heav'n's scath'd brow reflects the crimson glare.
Now Astar was a "gallant reckless Devil"
And shed a grace and sprightliness o'er Evil;
In Life's past sphere he play'd the fiend so well
That he had nothing more to learn from Hell,
But rather could *instruct*[4] dull Darkness' world
In arts that doom'd him to its dungeons hurl'd.
Gay fiend! of winning graces infinite
Courtier-like, smooth-tongu'd—wicked as polite—
Knew how to whisper, sooth, in Beauty's ear—
As little reck'd of Conscience as of Fear.
Life to *his* restless spirit, gazing round
On the calm-smiling unimpassion'd bound—
Seem'd but a sickly beauty, without grace
Of that best charm—a meaning, soul-lit, face!
"Lovely monotony! stagnation fair!
"Stirr'd by no rife incentive's quickening air;
"Unruffled the stream's passive harmony,
"By breath of Gain's Ambition's eager sigh;
"Lit by no Fame's, Pelf's, Pomp's, Wit's, Feeling's beam
"The dream-like currents' golden-gliding stream;
"No busy din wakes Commerce' glowing mart—
"No jocund whirl bids Fashion's votaries start
"Glittering in every hue's variety
"Star-like, the life of Fortune's chequer'd sky:
"None of the dubious, fond as restless, strife
"Hope's spirit cheers and Emulation rife:
"Not *here* the hazard's zest, the pleasing pain,
"The Venture's spark, Ambition lights or Gain!
. . . "*Good* . . 'what is it?' (ask'd Astar's sophist lie)
"But known from *Contrasts*' clouds that dim Life's sky?"

Thus, his Self-commune's sooth'd complacence drew
The Past's *false* shapes—to life fresh wak'd, as *true!*

III.

The Old World's Game.

BEAUTEOUS, in sooth, yon new spontaneous bloom—
Bland smil'd it—unconcern'd at Death or Doom:
Circumstance' frown ne'er chills the dream of Peace—
Alas! 'twas, *here*, HIS spirit found—*disease!*
He deem'd Life's *real*, worthier sweets—*unknown;*
Its keenest spring of *worldly Action* flown:
Unruffled by one wak'd Vicissitude,
The listless torpor of the Golden flood.
He burn'd to stir it—as o'er slumb'ring lake
Glad breezes bid the rippled surface wake:
He thought, "the whirl that cheers or quickens Man—
"Glows, Man's *best* world! not Inanition's span!
"*My* stirring soul finds *such* a sphere—*insipid*—
"Man but a moping, 'forked,' senseless biped. . . .
. . . "Be mine, in the wide languor to infuse
"Life's brisker pulse—Gain's Passion's quickening dews:
"What? chides some Angel whisper here *The price*
"*Know! of thy lov'd 'Old World,' is Care and Vice.*
"Oh, kind remembrancer! he music sings
"Where Hell pleas'd listens—hails his monishings!
"Mankind, methinks, will *thank* me! gladly blind
"Bow to my glittering Idols—call me *kind.*"
Thus, he with devilish zeal the treacherous dyes
Burn'd to revive of OLD WORLD VANITIES,
Restore the faded spirit of their ray,
Wak'd in their pristine lustre, false as gay;

True to th' Arch-Tempter's[5] Master-Cunning; true
To instincts dark, he wound the fatal clue
To *Passion's* labyrinths: watch'd in ambush-guile
Life, captive stray, and mock'd, unconscious, smile.

IV.

The riot restored.

CHARM'D, by his subtler magic o'er the soul,
Life fascinated hail'd the bright control:
For a world's snare his halls glad Welcome shone,
And to its riot's pomp and splendour won;
In all a Past Day's giddy revelry—
Feast, dance, and song—sweet-guil'd the moments fly:
His dæmon-spell infecting spirits pure
For wrought relapse, in each soul-tainting lure!
Yet more; of every Muse, sublime, refin'd,
He kindled blandishments of Sense—of Mind—
Whate'er shed grace, erewhile, on human Arts,
Reviv'd, in renovated lustre starts:
His halls were bow'rs of Love, by brightest eyes
Illum'd, throughout fair Salem's witcheries;
Hell's warmer ardor thawing Life's pure chill—
He, and his peers the poison-sweets instil
In breast of Beauty's fond confiding crew,
All sweet surpris'd, in snare, Hell's cunning drew.
Insidious transports thrill'd the soul within—
Confiding Love and unsuspected Sin!
Pure Essence, still, in guile *im*pure betray'd—
The locusts batten on the tender blade!
In the chaste bud the worm[6] corrupting hid,—
While all, blest Heav'n had wrought—Hell's bane *undid!*

Sages and Saints that burst the slumb'ring[7] tomb
To visit Earth in its New Eden's bloom,
He courted bland in *Sanctity's* parade—
The soil where, still, Hell's richest harvests play'd!
No "*viper-viscus*" curdling "She-wolf's milk"—
Sour Censor, *He!* but "perfum'd oil o'er silk"!
Nor surer trammel, the hell's spider wove
Than when it trapp'd *thy* fluttering wing *Self*-Love!
Still, in his speech, false lurk'd a mockery
That, indirect, gave Pow'r Supreme, the lie—
Innocent ask'd "*Where* Eden's *merit* blest?
"All passionless? that lack'd *Temptation's test?*
"What *worth*, the soulless tenor gliding by
"Unthrill'd by Mind's or Love's, or Venture's sigh?
"Say! Persian Mage! *what* Pow'r still sways in EVIL?
"Say! which boasts widest empire—God or Devil?
"Life's one drear solace wakes, redeeming Fate—
"*To mock Mischance; and Love,—as if to* HATE!
"Where? the '*kind* Providence,' whose guardian spell
"Warns—as Mischance's darker tempests swell?
"Say Attic Sages! guides of Virtue's way!
"Leads it, for e'er, where Shame and Woe betray?
"If so—*where*, shines the boast of WISDOM's reign,
"That fram'd Life's hapless clay-birth, but for Pain?
"Oh better had it *ne'er been born at all*
"Than call'd to Being—drear Remorse's thrall!
"Mock'd in the solemn jibe that bids it, *bless*
"Life's boon—Oh! Pain is *one* with Consciousness!
"And as if Nature's harms too scanty pour—
"Man bids with venom new, Life's cup flow o'er,
"More bitter mingles *artificial* woes—
"(Hell's *fabled* chalice, ne'er so bitter flows!)

" From the loath'd Light, see, Anguish hide its face,
" Mend the heart's brokenness in Death's embrace."
With treacherous *seeming* candor's blander air
Thus, breath'd his taint o'er all, or pure or fair;
Innocence, in his brow, unconscious sought
For Truth—to drink at springs *im*pure of Thought;
All, that in treacherous charm, lur'd soul or sense
In blandishment's persuasive eloquence
So wily kindled he,—that soon, Life's beam
Glow'd 'neath the spell—one fair Betrayal's dream.
Secret he smil'd complacent looking round
O'er tottering Life, for Hell's dark triumph crown'd;
His arts, gloat dearest still, o'er treacherous spell
As sweet, he watch'd in Beauty's bosom swell;
'Mid scenes, where his bright peers, thro' smiling hours
Still lit Love's torch, 'mid soft Indulgence' bow'rs.[8]

V.

A Cloud over the Holy of Holies.

And shall the " Thousand Summers " fade—too fast?
A rose's life—too fair, too sweet, to last?
The fleeting blossom of a summer morn
Sigh forth its soul of wasted sweets forlorn?
God, in His own dread Shrine, shall Hell defy—
Shall Insult, darker yet, crown Injury?
Jehovah's Fane! what Envy new of Hell
Near and more near, thy deep'ning shadows tell?
What discord-strains thy echoes mar divine—
Startle the dread repose of Glory's Shrine?
Now—in weird yell: *now*—sullen murmur'd stray—
Fierce exultation rous'd o'er Life's dismay?

Follow, where leads it—follow on the fear
Of Hell's dark trace—and dare the shadows drear!
Down down the steep[9] the headlong destin'd way
Runs frenzy's riot fell, of Lusts, astray—
Thro' Sin's false smiling bowr's, to swamps of Death,
(Tho', to her charm, sweet calls an Eden's breath—)
Engulph'd! repentant, late! . . . bright mockery—
Where *now*, lost Eden, wastes on dearth her sigh!
Vision of Fear! a world's convulsion scan—
Annihilation vast of Wisdom's Plan.
"*Woe to ABADDON!*" Heav'n's lamentings pour—
Inevitable doom of Vengeance' Hour.
Wanes it, the rose-lit ray of Eden's Bliss—
Swept with Earth's tottering wreck o'er Fate's abyss?
Why, shrinks her umber'd face 'neath ghastly light
Stream'd thro' dun air along her waste's affright?
Pierces the lurid flakes—*what* yell of fear? . . .
Earth's Obsequies! The Dæmon-Orgies drear.

VI.

Saba[10]*; or, the Beauty of Holiness.*

Now Astar's lawless eye had dar'd to roam
On One—the Priestess of the Sacred Dome—
Fair Saba—form of *love*, as soul of *lore*—
Like Muse, or Sibyl, god-inspir'd, of yore.
Of all the living gems of love and light
O'er Salem's brow—SHE, fairest tranc'd his sight:
Of hearts that warmest beat, of eyes that shone—
Love-stars of Life,—the brightest beam'd—her *own*.
Perfection's bloom! where Nature's gifts, combin'd
Beauty's conspiring charm with grace of Mind;

She never pour'd her adoration's strain
O'er listening rapture of the conscious fane,
But touch'd She every breast and made the rite
Religion claim'd—no less a love's delight!
Dark hour! as wander'd Astar's dæmon eye
O'er this bright Queen of worship's Mystery:
Malign—her spirit's shrine, intent to win—
Sure of an ally's *secret* foe—*within!*
Too well he knew a *latent* throb her breast
Sweet rul'd—nor fear'd, his art should win the rest:
Ill guards her heart its treacherous sentinel—
'Twas *Passion's* thrall—and *tempts* the guile of Hell.
Oft as 'neath ADONAIS'[11] lovelit brow
The Sibyl Votary of the Fane would bow
(That Glory-brow whose Bliss' excelling beam
Embodied shines—the Prophet's living Dream![12])
Her blushes, wak'd involuntary there,
The heart's dear secret, sweet alarm'd, declare:
Howe'er she sought to hide it, 'neath the mask
Of Worship's solemn pomp—too hard the task!
The Sex, frail, rose the Vestal Votary o'er—
Keener the throb, as 'gainst it strove She more!
Trembled her heart 'neath HIS harmonious glance
More than o'er choral strains her soul entrance;
Her cheek confess'd the heart's bland-tortur'd[13] tale—
By fits, now, kindling blush'd—now waning pale.
'Neath Adoration's trance was Love, disguis'd—
'Neath Adoration's glow—Love's spark, surpris'd.
Yet—struggling with the frailty, she suppress'd
The tender secret in that blush confess'd:
Oft, when the raptur'd soul, the sacred lays
Challeng'd to heav'n—lost—stray'd o'er HIM, her gaze!

His charm lit up her heav'n—the Shrine's abode
Where saw She, still, her lov'd one—and her God.
" Hail thou! *Religion's* pretext, warm as blest!"
(Thus, cried the mocking Fiend) " I like *Thee*, best!
" I knew in *good old times*'—ere this New Birth
" Had banish'd Love for Innocence on Earth "—
(Oh, how those dæmon-ribalds edg'd the *Sneer*
Cutting into Life's heart, and rankling there!)
" I knew full many a goodly fair, whose eye
" Lov'd young, well-favor'd Priesthood—*secretly:*
" Now,—beauteous Saba has a tender heart
" Not less impressive to the genial smart:
" Be *She* the object of *my* worship, now—
" Hell fain would learn how Vestals keep their Vow!"
Thus spoke he,—smil'd in scorn: while flash'd Desire,
O'er the brow's scowl, its baleful-gleaming fire.

VII.

The Priestess and the Fiend.

Now, thro' yon vacant Shrine, Eve's calmer charm
Shed it—alas, it still'd not Love's alarm!
Soft lustre of the purple canopy
Curtain'd her brow: and melting harmony
Whose murmur o'er her solac'd spirit died
Lull'd her, in fading echoes, as it sigh'd:
And Astar found her loveliness reclin'd—
The languid neck in raven locks entwin'd—
Where she had sunk to slumber—not to *rest*—
While incense-like His Dream stole o'er her breast:
In smiles, her parted roseate lips were wreath'd,
Blest, thro' her Dream's bright ecstasy She breath'd;

It seem'd, His Glory shrines her in His arms
Answer'd divine, the challenge of her charms;
Adoring woke the murmur'd Vow: the flush
Heightening in Adoration's glow the blush:
Hath her lip sigh'd the murmur's music—*Love?*
. . . His image hovers blest—as Angel-dove.[14]
At first, the Tempter put the semblance on
Of HIM, ador'd; and in false Glory shone
But e'en Hell's bosom from itself appall'd
Shrunk, in rebuke—the dread disguise recall'd:
And in a simulated presence—sued
Less hallow'd, now, his Arts—o'er Frailty's mood;
Bold by Success, he flung Shame's mask away
Consciously strong—in weakness of his prey:
Nor suffer'd of that moment's ecstasy
Unprofited, the chance to vanish by:
Well knew he, how, *rash* spirits to their cost—
For e'er regret OCCASION'S challenge lost!
Since wayward Fortune—vengeful too, as vain
Ne'er yields "lost Opportunity" again;
Pleas'd her caprice, to disappoint as well
Or Man's neglect, or carelessness of Hell.
Such, SABA'S dream—revealings—fatal lent—
Where Astar, spell-bound, gazing o'er her, bent,
Noxious, a taint respiring o'er the bright
Mirror it dimm'd, in its Infection's blight.
The dream's alarms those speaking blushes fir'd,
To warmer eloquence, Hell's spark inspir'd:
Sudden she starts—wild gaz'd—met in the smile
Of traits, e'en beauteous, as her dream beguile!
'Twas radiant Astar,—crown'd in Angel-light
Disguising fair, hell's brow,—its aspect bright,

And seraph harmony! "Loveliest of your race—
" Or in your heav'n-lit charms, or brow of grace—
" What was't you dream'd? . . Perchance, of some blest Pow'r?
" If haply Love's?—thrice hail'd, th' auspicious hour
" When now, soft shades of silent evening stray
" As tho' to screen us from ourselves away—
" 'Mid welcome lone Security serene—
" For sacred promptings sigh'd our hearts between!
" One who has worshipp'd Heav'n in *you* (your heart
" His dearest heav'n) prays." . . .
Rose she with a start
Sudden recall'd her sacred function's grace—
Her brow of light in frown o'ercast: yet plays,
(So subtle, unperceiv'd, the dæmon-charm
Within her wrought, insinuate, for her harm)
A ray of wavering welcome—scarce suppress'd—
Impeach'd the soft rebuke—the truth confess'd.
" Forbear the wayward tale of frailer clay
" Throbs—*purer* monishings have charm'd away!
" Now—breathes the reign of *Innocence!* Of Love
" Pure kindled at the Glory-Shrine Above,
" Seraph, too bold, forbear!"
" Nay, Beauty's Light!
" Spurn not Love's Law! sublimest Nature's Right"—
(Thus flows, assur'd, the Sophistry of Hell—
Not *Man's* worst arts a subtler Cunning tell)
" I caught its flame's contagion from thine *own*
" And, now, but *echo* thy dream's murmur'd tone." . . .
Oh, Hell, thy *darkest* Arts, *divinest* show
For e'er put on! Life's worst deluded Woe!
And, sudden, felt She, o'er her senses stray
Some spell of harm that stole their pow'r away;

Dizzy they dream—all mist-o'erspread: her eye
Trembles unsteady: words stole falteringly:
While, o'er the spirit's torpor, murmuring round,
Strange whispers, the distracted breast confound:
Secret and indistinct, a thrill of fear
Haunted her (*why*—she knew not?) hovering near . . .
Her alter'd Self she blames—'neath wayward sway
Sapping Mind's health and Self-control away:
She little reck'd what venom'd charm abus'd
Her trembling veins, in taint of Hell infus'd!
Conscious, some spell wrought in her, and above
Her pow'r to quell its sway—yet still she strove.
Hell's every word a taint breath'd o'er the soul
Insensible—a furtive bane's control
That charm'd it—*pow'rless*;—conscious of the spell—
To save itself unable—as it fell.
Eloquent warm'd her conscious cheek the blush—
Lest her rebuke too faintly bade him hush,—
More rife, as woke its blame—"*Away! Forbear!*" . . .
But Hell was deaf—because it would *not* hear.
" In thine *own* heart approv'd, Love's sacred strain,
" Sigh'd from *thy* lips—oh ne'er from *mine* disdain!
" What? did'st *thou* chide? so gently, yet, rebuk'd—
" Those eyes, despite thy speech, approval look'd." . . .
Alas, that Hell's false heart, now spoke too *true*—
With her *own* frailty's weapons to subdue:
She felt the secret of her soul, possess'd—
Her blush the spirit's tender strife confess'd—
She little reck'd 'twas HELL interpreted
Her bosom's secret—now, too fatal read.
More and more rife the poison wrought: yet more,
Insidious stole, her dizzy senses o'er;

While, bland, the honied Lie its venom'd strain
O'er "guilelessness" pour'd "guile" of Hell again.
"Love, breath'd by *Thee.*" . . . ("*Forbear!*") . . "Yes,—
Heav'n, all kind
"Lit the blest spark with Being's *one* and Mind!
"Stream the bright springs of Passion, as of Life,
"In all Sensation's dearer promptings rife;
"What? shines the sweet Indulgence cup, but—*Sin?*
("*Away!*") "Oh, *Nature* pours not gall, within"—
('Twas SATAN's spirit kindled, now, the guile;
SATAN's false gleam, now shone in Astar's smile)
"*Innocence*" saidst thou? *soulless* spell! 'twould hush
"The heart's best strain—best language—of that blush!
"That cheek confesses it, because—it loves!
"Eloquent most that speaking blush—*approves.*"
. . . "*Avoid! false Seraph!*" gasp'd She—strove to fly
The spell disastrous of the dæmon eye
That, unrelenting, pierc'd in baleful light
Her dazzled sense 'neath its fell mastering sight;
Still tranc'd its search her soul;—her conflict strove
To shun it still:—it sway'd, her strife above!
Fain, still, She struggled—to reproach, rebuke—
But falter'd speech:—reproachful strove—her *look*—
Alas, those quivering lids soon droop'd! their gaze
Impotent 'neath the basilisk to raise:
The baleful magic streaming thro' its glance
Rays—dazzling fell, her spirit's dizzied trance.
More and more shrunk she 'neath the *mystic* "*charm*"—
Sway'd, half, in transport strange, and half alarm,
Admiring still, distract,—"What *meant* the sway
"That seem'd, her better Reason to betray?" . . .
Words fail'd—but spoke her *thoughts*—perplexing sense
Of *wish* to struggle—and her impotence:

As combats e'en—convulsive mark'd—the prey—
Striving to tear it from the fang away
That conquers it:—resistless, *so* the guile
O'ermastering, sways her, of the dæmon-wile.
" Nay, ask thy heart—for heart thou hast "—(his eyes
Spoke thro' the spell her inmost spirit tries;
Beauteous confus'd—and conscious that he read
The dear Disease, that on her vitals fed)
" I *know* bright Adonais wakes thy sigh—
" That blush tells all! . . . yet loves He not—as I!
" Glows not, the pure *chill* lustre of His brow,
" As flame that lit by *Thee*, consumes Me, *now!*
" Yes, dwells my soul on that dear brow, to learn
" Its rays reflected bliss—with *mine* to burn!
" *Mine* too, is Angel Essence-Light—yet Love
" Shrines me, yét brighter, than the ray Above!
. . . " Look on me . . . read love's worship in my eyes—
" Yes, to my heart . . . Yes, dear that glance replies "—
(Perverting false his dæmon gloze her look,
Where,—tho' words fail'd—still strove to speak, rebuke)
. . " To love—to *be*—are one! with Thee, blest link
" It binds me *now!* to live in *Thee*—feel—think " . . .
(The more he look'd and spoke, the more her soul,
Sunk disarm'd-furtive—'neath the bane's control)
" To love—to *be*—are *One*—speaks all Creation—
" Fair Priestess! Love, best sway'd *thy* Consecration!
" Say? the bright lore the Muse in *thee* inspires
" Can it persuade to sleep those soul-lit fires?" . . .
(And, here, she turn'd her drooping brow aside—
More helpless swept upon the giddy tide)—
. . . " Thou'rt lost, if not belov'd! . . . Shall Beauty, Love
" Fade, with the blessing they were born to prove?" . . .

(Hear Hell the Moralist! the Sophist view!
He, yet, warns Beauty "*To Thyself be true*")—
. . . "Thro' Passion's magic springs alone we know." . . .
("*Hence! Seraph guile*") . . . "our genial pulses' glow:
"How? but thro' *these* shall Love its soul express?
"WHAT call'st thou Soul? . . . 'tis in that lip's caress!" . . .
He paus'd: as mute her grief rebuk'd: her Sense
Felt in his silence e'en, an eloquence
Tacitly stealing treacherous o'er the heart
Trembling subdued 'neath Hell's envenom'd Art;
Fainter her accents strove again "Forbear"—
Her lips said "No"—yet bent She, "charm'd," to hear—
So fatal sway'd her sense the dæmon-guile
Instill'd, insidious, in its spell, the wile.
Mute eloquence of the imploring eyes
Words broken by the sigh's soft harmonies
All, tried her breast—he search'd it thro' her eyes,
His guile—*for* her, interpreting replies—
"Yes! thy heart, one with mine, speaks in thine eye—
"Pouring its answer's soul of ecstasy!
"Hush—what soft spell of sweet Security
"Breathes round? a whisper seems in it to sigh—
"*Now, snatch the moment blest—the first, the last—*
"*Lost haply—if not snatch'd! for ever past!*" . . .
And as tho' undesign'd—spontaneous meet,
His lips her own—too fatal theft as sweet!
Instant, thro' all her frame Infection flows
Unnerving: a bland sense delirious, glows;
Yes; Hell's "Betrayal," venom'd sways *that* kiss
Judas-inspir'd—for e'er—to murder Bliss!
Guileless, she little reck'd, 'twas *death* infus'd
In that false honey-dew, her trance abus'd;

Thro' her seer'd veins the treacherous venom flows—
Intoxicate the charm bewildering glows—
The fascination's peril bland, where dwelt
Ecstasy strange: the senses swooning melt:
E'en as the bird, a tortur'd fluttering prey
Sinks, fatal charm'd 'neath serpent-glance's ray—
Yon fainting, wilder'd thrall of Fate—or Love:
Too weak the struggle, since with Hell it strove.
Watch'd Astar's guile, its subtle, venom'd, sway,
Dark joy'd; and rife, to snatch the fluttering prey;
Into her soul, his *own*, accurs'd, he threw—
Hell's unrelenting Cunning,—to subdue;
Tremblingly, languidly, pow'rlessly she sigh'd—
Around its prey the serpent-foldings glide.
Words stole no more;—too much her dizzy sense,
Steep'd, in the bane's insidious eloquence;
Words stole no more—or broken by the sigh,
Vague murmur'd 'neath the dæmon-witchery
Sapping the springs of Reason—soft as dew,
Melting, distill'd, the trembling pulses thro':
Still,—fascination of the fatal glance
Held serpent-like the spirit in its trance;
Still—fatal spoke its silent masteries—
And she could only answer—with her sighs.
Where are thy lightnings, Judgment! bid them wake!
I see them glare—I hear the thunders break!
Already steals o'er trembling Earth the gloom,
At its *own* work Hell shrinks—yet braves the doom.
Darker assur'd, o'er LIFE his triumph won
The Fiend, now, ruthless gaz'd his victim on,
As lull'd those swimming lids the slumber trance
That stole o'er treacherous Bliss, and veil'd their glance.

But see—he grasps it as the moon might spell—
As the sun's fire—now, mocks, see him dwell.
Darkness, the destroyer—soon it as an angry fe—
Beauty's mangled fragments call to—cry!
Fame—like stone at murderer from me fly—
And scorn—Remorse should me last pang betray.
Oh, Man look on the picture—and a veil
Drawn from my own wild heart—a mirror Hell
Form, since thou art Man—and not Hell's fiend.
Unless Hell darkest people us—with Man
Say? from thy own soul's bosom—Passion's fire.
Paints Hell thy Fancy? Ay—the darkest there.
Hear Satan's shrill scorn, as looking round
He hail's corruption sown, as Being's bound:
Thus spoke the Sneer. "Those Mortal Passion-breath
"Respiring genial music of Joy and Death!
"Oh, let me welcome them! their eager yell
"Methinks I hear, as I the triumph tell!
"Speed, speed thou Old-World riot! sweep along!
"Hell thanks thee for redeeming Eden's—wrong?
"Hell? what art thou—a Phantom of the Mind?
"Man, leaving life, leaves darker Hell behind—
"I, sure may say so: since the change was dear
"To me, from Earth to Hell—a fabled fear" . . .
Thus, Scorn dark triumph'd o'er its baleful game;
Where Life's vain riot, brighten'd e'en Hell's flame!
Ay; forth He stole on Guile's emprize:—still dare
Its scorns! and, now, resought Ruth's Idol fair:
Where still, sweet tranc'd o'er visionary gleam
That shone in Tancred's guise—She bless'd the Dream!
Too fatal screen'd 'neath that[35] false, golden haze
That mock'd her Tancred's search and baffled gaze.

VIII.

Beauty and Terror.

ANON, lost Saba,—fatal wreck as fair—
From slumber starts—lone left—wild gazing there—
As from her pang the cry's surprise awoke
Where shame's dismay, confusion, conscious, spoke,—
Before her the dread Presence to behold
Whose glory-rays the King of Bliss enfold—
Beauteously awful! Shrunk her heart's *self*-blame—
Burn'd *now*, her blush—oh, less in Love than shame!
" *Earth yawn and hide me from Myself*" . . . her pain
Distract and trembling, secret wish'd—in vain!
Round her bow'd form convuls'd, the thunders steal
As tho' their threat some COMING JUDGMENT seal—
Darkness dread whispering haunts the sullied Fane—
From the accusing gloom she shrinks—in vain.
Despair and terror-wrung she shuddering rais'd
At length, her brow, where that dread Presence gaz'd:
It's radiance' aspect, now, and beauty's crown
Solemn o'ercast—Grief struggling with the frown;
Little She knew herself the sport of HELL—
Wak'd, now, to *Truth*—still doom'd with Pain to dwell!
" And shrink'st thou?" said HE, " *Thou* so pure—so fair.
(" *Woe Woe*" . . . what Seraph-wail steals wild on air?)
" HELL has been here—and *Thou*—that breast divine
" So late, Heav'n's mirror! now—how scath'd a shrine!
" Lost One—away!" . . . (" *Woe Woe!*" . . . how chang'd that strain—
The Seraph note—o'er Eden's drooping reign!)
" Lost One—away!" . . . Convuls'd, it rocks the Fane—
As tho' it trembled, conscious of the bane:

In agony—bewilder'd, her distress
Arraigns Hell's wrong—her own frail Self—not less!
Repentant-wrung, implores His heart of Love,
By all the vows Remorse or Pity move:
Entreating Mercy now—now breathing blame,
Too righteous judgment on her brow of Shame!
Wilder'd 'mid the distract and deep'ning storm
O'erclouding darker, now, the AVENGER'S form:
Thrill'd with lament of Angel harps the Dome—
"*Farewell*," they sigh'd, "*Jehovah's forfeit home!*"
"*Woe woe! the shadows darker steal of* DOOM—
"*Earth reels! . . . her wreck, the grave of Eden's bloom*" . . .
Totters the Shrine; where vengeful lightnings fly
As 'neath their wrath, convuls'd, the ruins lie,
Where roselight smil'd but now—See, livid gleam'd—
Ghastly, the wan blue flakes—or crimson-stream'd;
While sinks that form—Love's Beauty's pride, but late;
A blacken'd corpse—a monument of Fate.

L'ENVOY.—Ben Ezra, here, cites St. Justin's commentary on Isaiah, showing the wide *relapse* into Sensualism at this stage of the millennial Era, and hastening God's final judgment on the world. (See the Coptic, and Armenian commentaries.)

BOOK VIII.

THE RECOVERY OF RUTH.

"*Satan's angels were cast out.*"—REV. xii. 9.

Contents.

TANCRED directed by the King of Bliss, discovers RUTH in the retreat of Astar and his compeers, called "Golden Opportunity." (See B. IV.) His futile combat with Astar. ADONAIS appears and puts the Fiends to flight: they are driven back to the Infernal abodes. The Judgment is menaced, of Earth, and of the End of the world together with its frailty.

I.

The Firefly.

LIKE a true worldling, wanton all, as gay,
Astar, but cull'd the flow'r—to fling away:
Then—reckless roam anew, insatiate,
Where spoil, still fresh, bade Guile luxuriate;
Far! scan the "Firefly's[1]" restless glittering trace,
Ruby-lit, spangling vague, the dazzled maze.
In zest, still lawless rous'd, the Spoiler flies
Wider to taint the bloom of Paradise:
E'en, as some insect foul, gay fluttering,
Pollution leaves where droops its painted wing;
Its guiltier riot's luxury of Change
Sporting o'er all Life's beauty-blossom'd range:
And, now, once more, its thirsting pants to dip
In sweets of Ruth's Guile-desecrated lip.
Hell's fair "first offering" of the Eden new!
Away! Desire, on wing more ardent, flew;

Again, to that false[3] shape, the unconscious fair
Gave love for love, and saw her Tancred there:
Oh! could He but his soul's mock'd treasure see,
The Fly foul taint the honey of the bee—
A guilty semblance of Himself—a Shade
Looking like Love, while Hell within it play'd—
Not hidden lightning bolts' arous'd dismay
Had sterner crush'd him—darker whelm'd his day!
Follow we, where distract, his wanderings led,
Guil'd, late, o'er image of his lov'd one fled:
Her form, all smiles—like Hope's, as false had shone—
Delusive-glittering, beckon'd and—was gone.

II.

Tancred, by Cedron.

By Cedron's brook, where 'neath the olive grove
The babbling waters wildly wandering rove,
Forlorn his footstep stray'd: the haunting spell,
His spirit's turmoil, secret, sway'd of Hell;
Quailing at thought of that wild laugh of fear
Mocking the bliss around, in echoes drear—
Still wakes the yell's fierce discord on his heart;
Still, on his dream's disease its ribalds[3] start.
Day wan'd on day; and fondly, still, he sought
The treasure, baffling search—and hope and thought:
'Twas vain! . . . the Fiend that stole the gem away
Too wily, his bright booty to betray—
Invisible, the golden mist amid,
All dearly held the cherish'd treasure hid;
There—screen'd 'neath veil of guilty secresy[4]
Beam'd the lost gem—mock'd search's bootless sigh.

Tancred's despair bethought him of the grace
Of the blest Eden's King; and sought His trace;
The heav'nly bounty of that breast to move,
Haply, for dear recovery of his love;
As stray'd he by the olive-shadow'd flood
Where last, the lov'd, lost,—fleeting semblance stood.
Now, ADONAIS, all His breast divine
In conflict or—to doom or to repine—
Sorrowing scann'd the envious shadows' night
Of Fate and Hell o'er EDEN's dimm'd delight:
"And is the Pow'r of Ill so mighty? even
"To wage this *second* war with bounteous Heav'n?
"And *must* it be? . . . mystic Necessity—
"FATE's Law—*for e'er* the Mind Supreme defy?" . . .
Sad, turn'd He from yon lightning-blacken'd Shrine—
Hell's havoc triumphing o'er wreck divine!
Ruthful, HE melts o'er Eden's drooping brow—
O'er all—so blest, so guileless bloom'd—but now!
Sorrow'd His breast to mark her waning rose—
And, as tho' plaining to His love—her woes:
Remorseful, strove the hope, a sphere so fair,
Reluctant, Heav'n might yet relenting, *spare!*
The Judgment's tempest, gathering in His soul,
Silenc'd awhile—He stays its sweep's control.

III.

Memories of Sorrow.

BROODS, dark'ning yet, the storm: ere seek it vent,
Turns He to thoughts where love and sorrow blent;
Thoughts, wak'd o'er scenes, where ling'ring dream'd his eye
In many a dear as bitter memory.

He gaz'd o'er yon doom'd City, sorrowing o'er
Wrath on itself call'd down—as, blind, of yore.
Trac'd He thro' vista pale of by-gone years
Shapes, scenes—the heart's awaken'd spring of tears!
Far on the glimmering vision's track forlorn
In grief and ruth his spirit-musings borne—
From hour, when first, a lone, heart-blighted child,
He wander'd by Tiberias' wave-lash'd wild. . . .
Home—He had none! No *home*—no *father* knew—
Save *One* dread Fount where life divine he drew;
And the harsh voice wakes grating on his fear
"Hence foundling[6]! ask *no parent* yearnings, *here!*"
While the meek Mother's supplicating brow
Pictur'd, persuades the tear with Her's, to flow:
Yea! a tear's tribute to Humanity,
Furtive, o'er that blest cheek stole lovingly:
A moment paus'd He o'er the sadder dream—
Then—with a sigh pursued its musing's stream:
Glimmers to sight, anon, *what* lowly shed?—
A Virgin breast the babe celestial fed:
What humble home the weary God endears—
Where wash'd those Sacred feet, the Handmaid's tears?
Lo! Lazarus—the lov'd one—bursts the sleep
Of the chill tomb—with swelling heart, to weep:—
Drear thoughts,—yet dear! Life, Consciousness—one smart!—
Where wakes its home?—the lowly fisher's heart!
Darker the Dream, now, mourns the bitter Past—
Where strove His agony, where groan'd His last;
When Earth pale trembled, thro' her frighted bound,
And stern—as now—the fateful shadows frown'd.

IV.

Adonais and Tancred.

SUCH the drear Phantoms, waking on his dream,
Regretful-shadow'd, melancholy stream;
As near the wand'ring waters, lone He stood—
Where olives hoar, shade Cedron's murmuring flood,
(The pallid leaflets waving mournfully,
With the brook's 'plaining echoes blent their sigh)
When now, a solitary step forlorn
Arrests His ear, of one, that seem'd to mourn
And seek some object of his dearest hope
Where no fond glimpses o'er its sorrow ope!
And, now, revealing fair His brow of Truth,
He stood, confess'd, before the sorrowing Youth:
" I know thy quest—alas, the dæmon pow'r
" Still, envious dims the new-born Eden's hour:
" Oh, storm (that fain my love would spare!) of Fate—
" Must it, then, pour? o'ertake this war of Hate!
(And paler stole its shadows o'er that brow
Where ruth with Judgment's Will contended, now)
" Alas, shall all the bliss of Eden's heav'n
" Fade but a Dream for Hell's dark triumph giv'n?" . . .
And as He spoke the thunders from afar
Menac'd o'er trembling Earth the heav'nly war—
" Youth! *Her*, thou seek'st, too sure the arts betray
" Of dæmon-guile, an unsuspecting prey!
" Speed to the Paradise—alas! that bourn
" So blest, so fair, should e'er be doom'd—to mourn!
" *There*—lovely, as an Eve before her fall,
" Thy heart's dear quest—'tis held—the Tempter's thrall!

" *Thy* form, *thy* voice, *thy* semblance to her eyes—
" Guile of the baneful treachery's disguise :
" The looks of love—the words of love that start : . . .
" She dreams—*thyself* she presses to her heart.
" Speed ! 'tis *my* Spirit guides thee, in its spell
" Supreme, the workings foul to scare of Hell—
" Away !" . . . The words, like daggers, smote his heart ;
Its pang's surprise arous'd, and anguish-smart ;
He bless'd the Sacred Monitor—tho' sham'd
His soul—distract, o'er Wrong it shrinking blam'd.
Nor long : too swift encounter'd still—is Woe !
For e'er, its ambush lurks for Bliss below !
Too true—the shadows still, of Hell confound
The fairest sphere in heav'nly bounty crown'd !
Balmy, the odorous air its fragrance sigh'd,
On the charm'd sense, and soft in murmurs died ;
Droop'd the warm zephyr's perfume-laden wing,
'Neath the sweet burden languid fluttering :
Soft echoes stole of Song, for many a lure
Of Love's blest communing thro' hours secure :
'Mid vistas fading thro' the blossom'd dyes—
Labyrinths, where love roams lost, or hidden lies.
Harmonies melting steal, and floated by,
Wafting the soul upon their blissful sigh
Sweet wilder'd, o'er their airy ravishment—
To catch again their waking murmur, bent,
As vaguely, now, they die upon the heart—
Sudden, anon, to rapture, trembling start.
Forms wandering thro' the softly shadow'd light
Of fair alcoves, now glance, now fade from sight. . . .
Indulgence' sphere !—the bland seductive spot—
Where swims the Sense delirious—know'st thou not ?

The rapture-dream—the realm of witchery?—
'Twas Astar's "GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY."[6]

V.

The Two Tancreds.

AND Tancred's step, now, led o'er mossy lawn,
Where Liban's cedars shelter'd deep the fawn—
Their canopy august, o'er chequer'd mead—
The sylvan carpet, meet for Angels' tread—
When sudden—lo! as tho' a darted snake
Had sprung, in venom'd ire, from out the brake—
His search dismay'd, arrests its wilder'd trace. . . .
. . . And *whose* the forms? thus, lock'd, the dear embrace?
While, the rous'd vengeance of his outrag'd blood
Marks now—his *own* mock'd form's similitude—
Fair image of Himself—a treacherous shade—
In *his* feign'd guise, the demon-guile array'd—
(Oh agony! oh ecstasy of grief!
More like some baleful dream—that mock'd belief!)
Clasping the treasure of his love and truth?—
Thrice bitter quest! . . . and meets he *thus*—his RUTH?
A moment—and the love-lock'd slumber's chain
He rends, 'mid conflict of dismay and pain;
A moment—starting in arous'd surprise
That, now, show'd Tancred's Self to Astar's eyes—
The fell purloiner of his treasure, leapt
Defiant, while th' unconscious Frailty slept:
But soon arous'd by hubbub of the fray—
Where Tancred's vengeance now pursues its prey—
With cries, She fais'd her; as distract, her view
In either combatant—a TANCRED knew!

"Fiend! the worst art of Hell is to—*deceive*." . . .
(Thus, heard she, scar'd—her own, her Tancred, grieve)
"Fiend! let thy guilty breath—the forfeit tell" . . .
'Twas thus, he cried—but vain the strife with Hell!
His blows, fell pow'rless on that form unscath'd;
With his own blood, his gashes crimson bath'd;
(Behold Hell's magic! Tancred's form afresh,
Chang'd, transient, its New Essence into flesh!)
When, now, the Fiend, in death the strife had clos'd
But that, distract, Ruth's anguish interpos'd,
'Mid shrill lamentings of the frighted fair—
Sprent all with Tancred's blood her golden hair.
Swift at the cry of peril, pain, and strife,
In group confus'd, a thousand figures, rife,
Rush to the scene—its marvel's wak'd surprise—
'Mid doubt's, dismay's, bewildering-mingl'd cries;
Fair throngs, that thro' those magic bow'rs of love
Guil'd by the arts of Fiend-betrayers, rove:[7]
When lo! amid the conflict of dismay
Sudden a PRESENCE beams its heav'nly ray,
And instant, o'er the hell-stirr'd tumult-track,
Dazzled, surpris'd, the headlong group fell back;
"ABADDON!" (cried the blissful Sovereign) "still
"Would'st thou Perdition's venom'd chalice fill? . .
"Ye guilty minions! thralls, dark doom'd, of Hell,
"Blind, is it thus your shame-dimm'd Lusts rebel? . .
"Avaunt! pollute Earth's shuddering maze no more—
"Wing the dark flight for Pain's eternal shore:
"Never again Earth's passion-havock'd bourn
"False, to deface, dark-joy'd—and see it mourn:
"No more, her blames, shall rue your loathly trace:—
"The tempest low'rs—o'erclouds the bliss-bright maze;—

" Too wide the Spoiler breathes the taint of Pain !—
" For e'er obscur'd, it fades—the bliss-bright Reign ;
" E'en now, I feel Earth's pillars shake—anon,
" Irrevocable doom—a Ruin strown."
He said : while 'neath the lightning of His brow
Vainly defiant, shrunk Hell's felons, now,
Aghast . . . . beneath the dread Avenger's eyes
Glar'd naked the Fiend-birth's deformities :
The fair disguises of their earthly show
Faded, a lamentable phantom—now !
All in their fiendish guise confess'd, they spread
Their baleful wing in flight discomfited ;
While snatch'd they, those fair fallen shapes, a prey,
Sharing the track of Hell, and Shame's dismay.
Before that brow of Light see Tancred's form
Shine, bright restor'd—yet fairer—past the storm :
But, grief-o'erclouded,—whelm'd,—abash'd, and lone—
The youth, and SHE, the unsuspecting one—
Were left—where fades it, now, that PRESENCE' ray—
While haunts the scene its terrors' darken'd day.
His heart pleads for her—victim of a Dream,
Illusive smiling in *his* semblance' beam !
The still, deep, voice within—that wrung her heart
Hush'd he : kiss'd off the tear, about to start—
He, too, had mourn'd !—the sport of Dæmon jest—
Nor knew, he clasp'd—a Mockery to his breast !
Scar'd 'neath the thunders' fitful burst, they start—
While fraught with Coming Doom the lightnings dart :
Faded in those pale waning cheeks the bloom :
Sick, shrinks the heart—Joy's, Hope's, and Blessing's tomb.

BOOK IX.

THE QUEEN OF MERCURY.

"*One woe is past: and behold, there come two woes more hereafter.*"—(Rev. ix. 12.)

Contents.

Satan foreseeing the destruction of Earth as a result of his betrayal of the purity of Eden resolves on finding some new sphere of Life, as a new scene for his Temptations and of the dominion of Sin and Death. Accordingly he addresses himself to exploring the Star-worlds, and wings his flight through the Planetary Spheres, fixing at last, upon that of Mercury as presenting features most favourable for promoting his designs. The Queen of Mercury: Zamaura. He wafts her to Earth, and deceived by his arts, she assails with her allurements the King of Bliss. The Spirit of Divine Innocence exercises its spell on her. The Divine rebuke. Satan's consolations, of the prospects of Hell, in the continuance of the Reign of Sin and Death.

I.

The Future of Hell.

When Satan saw his routed bands dispers'd
In Second Fall—discomfited—accurs'd—
More wrathful flash'd the lightning of his eye
In hate's resolve the Judgment to defy:
" I know your tidings: see your flight's return,
" And to avenge the worsted venture burn!
" Not *all* triumphant shall the Despot boast;
" A sense of Wrong, I'll rouse in Him at most!
" What? lights He Passion's spark, Life's breast within—
" *Self*-contradicted, brands it, yet,—a *Sin?*
" Oh, Truth distorted 'neath this name of '*Hell*'—
" Oh, *mis*call'd 'Sin'—Of throbs, that dearest swell;

" Too arbitrary, false-pretended blame
" Of *Sin !*—a World, deluded by a *name !*
" Anon, I'll seek Him—taunt Him, with the vain—
" The hapless plan of Bliss, He warps to Pain :
" At least, I'll shame, in Hell's stern mockeries,
" The baffled purpose of His foil'd emprize :
" Scorn shall be met with scorn, o'er this seer'd bloom
" Of Eden rous'd—too fleeting, from its tomb !
" At least, I'll taunt the mortal mockery's game—
" The clay-toy's innate Imperfection's blame !
" I'll strip, at least, this *Wisdom's* mask from Mind
" That boasts it so 'All-seeing'—while so blind !
. . . " What ? Being's springs innate, of Love with Life—
" Still, by their wayward Maker, set at strife ?
. . . " Yes ! 'mid the crash of Earthly ruin drear,
" My words shall bitter echo in His ear !
" Shrinks He,—from Reason's mast'ry, bas'd on TRUTH ? . . .
" Hell breathes no slavish Flattery, whisper'd sooth !
" But, first, *new* Spheres for Sin and Death to sway[1]
" Be mine to seek, 'mid yon wide Star-worlds' ray :
" Life glows, by Passion's spark illum'd !—its light
" *Still*, seeks The Maker, but to quench in night ?
" Alas " . . . and brooding dark, he look'd around,—
In Hell's acclaim, a gloomy solace found.
" Ye ! Sin and Death ! no promise vain, I pour'd,
" That your grim Carnival should joy, restor'd !
" Fear not—tho' Earth be whelm'd—Man pass away—
" And all the perishable race of clay—
" Your rav'ning shall lack cates its lust to glut !
" Not *yet*, Corruption's portals foul, are shut—
" Tho' Earth fade past, yet *other* Spheres prevail
" Where mortal dearth laments its fretful tale :

" Sphere upon sphere throughout yon Star-world maze
" I scan Life's sin-and-death devoted ways:
" Trust me! Creation's works are not in *vain*"—
(And smil'd his scorn) " Heav'n rears them—yes! for *Pain!*
" Earth's hour—it fades: but many an Earth abounds
" Drear to prolong the melancholy sounds—
. . . " Bright realms, awake! Earth's fleeting loss *replace!*
" Glut Death's fell maw—thro' Time's enduring race!
. . . " Yes, tho' Earth fade—still, opes anew the way—
" Pains dispensation dark thro' Being's day."
He said: Hell's host, exulting, hails the strain,
And the dark labyrinths swell the vaunt's disdain:
SIN kisses DEATH's grim brow: their plaudits fell
In ghastly homage crown the Lord of Hell.

II.

Satan in the Star-Worlds.

As when some luckless denizen of Earth
Scar'd, flies his home and devastated hearth
'Neath sudden outburst of devouring fire,
To find him some new shelter from its ire—
So—SATAN, fearing Earth was lost his prey,
Now, wing'd for some new world his ardent way.[2]
Thro' Earth's companion Spheres of life and light
Daring he wing'd the dark-designing flight,
Wide to explore the vassal-planets' bound
Whose homage bright, their Sun-King, circling crown'd,
And held their lamps up, lab'ring far thro' Space,
To catch reflected day, and hail his face.
Spheres rose on spheres; and at the out-most ring
Of the bright choir, He fain had droop'd his wing—

But turn'd from SATURN's icy glimmering reign,
Since, here, Lust's sting, his Arts had edg'd in vain:
Swift springs his wing where MARS' flame-breathing den
Glares o'er a race of monster-shapes, not men—
Glares, drear ensanguin'd, thro' the furnace' bound
It, angry, lights o'er startled Space around:
Still baffled, still He strives—still unsubdued:—
What fairer beacon's cheering lustre-flood
Now lures? what adamantine lamp thro' space
Glitt'ring in diamond peaks and crystal face? . . .
'Tis VENUS greets him—too illusive flame!
A radiant fallacy—like baseless Fame;
Mockery of lovely lustre! bright Despair—
Its molten crystals' *life-repelling* glare:
Oh Venus! brighest, loveliest—falsest ray!
E'en the Betrayer, potent to betray.
Painful his search—exploring, far and near
Passion's and Life's *congenial* atmosphere;
Now, woke JOVE's Star, where Titan-beings stalk'd:
Nor sexes, here, in Love's sweet commune walk'd,
But clay-births vast, still, *fresh-created* sprung—
As when Creation's earliest accents rung!
Giants,—as Adam 'ere his side was torn,
Love's sense inspir'd, and Eve's dear treachery born.
Lo! mark'd he, from the mountain's riven side
Life's monster shapes and vast, terrific stride.
Little, as yet, 'twixt flame-seer'd waste or snows,
Boasts the Fiend's search; when now, far bright'ning glows,
Bidding his quicken'd pinion gladder fly
A life-bright, sparkling ray, delightedly.
Shunning the wan waste MOON, uncheer'd by life,
Barren convuls'd, a wrack'd Volcano's strife—

Now, smiles his hope, where yon bright Star-world glows—
Life's ray *Mercurial!* Stranger still to woes!
The diamond-light—the daybeam's ecstasy—
Where all too brief, the hours voluptuous fly;
LOVE—still the dearest empire of the breast—
Quick-witted glee, Mirth, Song—Life's revel blest!
Yes, Love, and its sweet blandishments, were most
Of this joy-pamper'd progeny, the boast:
Fair o'er the smiling mazes' lovelit sheen
Thron'd in all hearts ZAMAURA sway'd, the Queen:
A host of glowing youths her love confess'd,
Bask'd in her smile, and in her sunshine bless'd;
Sin—'twas a sound in this sweet bourn—unknown—
Love, wore no thorns, 'mid wreaths unfading blown!
Sweet pamper'd roam'd it, in *this* ardent sphere;
Its wanderings boundless, as its revel dear.

III.

Words of Comfort.

NOW, SIN and DEATH, gaunt peering, stole behind
Their lord, on hound-like scent, a prey to find;
Prying around his track with ghastly leer
Of mutual solace foul, their hope to cheer.
Grim on his daughter SATAN smil'd; "No place
" Is *yet* for Thee! not *yet*, show CREEDS their face
" Scaring Life's soul with Fraud's[8] 'Convention-din'—
" Alarum vain! false dooming Thought—a Sin!
" Here, breathes no Priestcraft's Truth-deluding guile
" Stifling, o'er mock'd Credulity, the smile.
" *Compassion* ye! blest Ignorance and dear
" Of Force and Fraud, in *this* poor, pleasant, sphere!

(And laugh'd his scorn, as withering woke the sneer;
And Sin and Death, its challenge answer drear.)
" Yet, grieve not Daughter! nor Thou rav'ning Son;
" Ere long—and when Earth's failing sands are run—
" Heav'n shall *again* start with me on the race—
" Deck some bright birth for SATAN to deface—
" Some new-born Innocence for Lust to stain—
" Some Eden's mockery bright—the sport of Pain:
" Hearts that now *smile* o'er flow'rs; o'er thorns shall sigh;
" See! martyr'd Life, on Fate's stern Altar lie—
" Myself will be the Priest, ere ye shall pine,
" Or lose the feast, rank piles the hand divine!
(And drear He smil'd, in conscious augury,
As o'er the wan, waste, Future roams his eye,
Grim smil'd too Sin and Death o'er imag'd lair
Of havock'd Life, and scent the banquet there,)
" Meanwhile, dear offspring; in your home of Hell,
" Trust in your Sire, and rife expectant, dwell:
" *Here*—breathes a race, at least, of Passion found!
" Ay; trust your Sire: our hope shall yet, be crown'd:
" The bliss around—too beauteous smiles to last—
" I see the envious shadows—deep'ning—vast—
" I hear the plaint of vex'd Mortality—
" The mutter'd storm of myriad bosoms' sigh!
" Here, too, the Arch-Fashioner's caprice shall wreak
" Its envy's lust on a creation weak:"
(Thoughts high as Heav'n, defiant spoke the vaunt—
Hate's sneer, and scornful smile, and withering taunt)
. . . " *Faith's* shrine reviv'd for Reason's mockery—
" For Fear to cringe beneath, or Scorn defy;
. . . " Yes, through the FUTURE's void I *see* the fear—
" The desolations pain-wrung echoes *hear!*

" Yes! when Earth's toy, its Maker flings away—
" No more!—*this* bauble *new*, behold, your prey."
Sullenly smil'd as hung'ring, unappeas'd,
The horrid pair; assenting, yet, as pleas'd;
And winging back to Night's abode they part—
To lurk in ambush; till arous'd to start.

IV.

The Queen and the Stranger.

Now, the quick spirit of the Queen of Love
Whose wanton glances round her, happy rove,
Had singled out the gallant Stranger's guise—
Fair semblance' mask, that grac'd him in her eyes
Beauteous as new! her breast its passion's storm
All wild besieg'd o'er magic of that form!
Again, unsated, spell-bound, and again—
Curious, her search, still dwelt, in pleasing pain—
Wondering, o'er this fair denizen of Earth
Lovelier than knew her *own* " flame-planet's " birth—
(Whose scorch'd and dusky features burning glow
As tho' some furnace, bronz'd the molten brow—
Now dim empurpled—now in damask hue—
The life-blood seen transparent mantling thro')
Youth's lovelit grace—complexion's purer light—
Her heart, ne'er yet, had dazzled charm so bright.
Challenging love, her eyes, fain now His heart
Had pierc'd—alas, Hell callous blunts the dart!
And secret laughs o'er its own sharper sting
Whose magic wiles her tortur'd bosom wring.
Now, sweet, she chides him to the wanton bow'r
Impatient, of her Love's voluptuous hour.

" Beautiful Stranger! tell me whence thou art?
" Thou bidd'st a Queen, thy captive, yield her heart!
" Say, from what Seraph sphere unknown, art thou?
" Thy lovelit traits—bright locks, and ivory brow?
" Harmony's smile and youthful blooming hues
" Tenderer, than charms our fairest maids suffuse!
" Thy coral lips that show those pearly teeth—
" While, breath of roses sighs the Soul beneath—
" Oh dearly stol'n—this heart, 'tis bliss to lose,—
" And o'er and o'er those magic traits peruse!
" Speak—and thy voice should sure be music's sigh
" Since in that face breathes so much harmony!"
When thus, replied, in baleful guile of Hell,—
Veiling the tumults dark, his Spirit swell,—
The FOE—in purpose fell 'gainst Heav'n! her breast
While stirr'd, yet more, His wile, in sweet unrest.
Bashful his seeming—still to win her more—
Still keener goad her panting bosom's sore—
In well-feign'd artlessness; " From Earth I come—
" Seest thou yon Star? its glimmer is *my home:*
" But, oh, if aught, thy vassal Stranger's sheen
" Find in thine eyes of favor, radiant Queen,
" Could they but on our King of Glory rest,
" What mien's excelling light would charm thy breast!"
('Twas, thus, the fell designing Cunning spoke,
Stealing her from herself, insidious, woke)
" How would its ray surpassing, light to love
" Thy heart, o'er charm—thy dearest dream above!
" If *my* poor traits are gracious in your sight
" What Love's bright feast would pamper thy delight,
" Could it but revel o'er His *perfect* grace,
" His heav'nly charm of aspect, form and face,

" Perfection unapproach'd—a Beauty's gleam,
" Bewildering sense—a Glory's lustre-dream! . .
. . . " Oh, loveliness! that awe and charm endears!
" His Voice,—'tis as the music of the Spheres—
" To look into His aspect is, to love—
" A love divine—all earthly bliss above:
" To look into His soul thro' those lov'd eyes
" Is to roam unawares to—Paradise!—
" To wander tranc'd delightedly away
" From Self, to Being new of brighter day—
" One with the ' Soul of Beauty ' in those traits
" Beaming a heav'n—the dazzled spirit sways."
Oh, guile accurs'd of glozing's rapture-show,
For what fell ends, pourtraying Glory's brow?
Tranc'd o'er the bright pourtrayal's harmony,
ZAMAURA breathless dwelt, with dreaming eye,
Lost o'er that blandishment's sweet stealing art—
Involuntary sigh'd away her heart.
As paus'd He—" Heav'nly Stranger! the sweet theme
" Why falters it?" . . . (Soft sigh'd she thro' her dream)
" 'Tis—as tho' of my heart the chord in twain
" Were rent—as paus'd thy sweet suspended strain!"
And, secret joy'd; the mastery of his wile
Watch'd he; and subtle smooth'd the waking smile.
" And would'st thou *more?* . . . the bliss of roselit skies
" Shrine HIM in glory of their harmonies—
" Where the bright EDEN's wreaths spontaneous pour
" Their boon, as tho' rejoicing—to adore.
" Earth, Heav'n, and Wave reflect in their delight
" HIS bounty's bliss and gladden in HIS sight.
" The odorous air, soft murmurs grateful praise
" Blent, where the spirit-trancing Seraph lays

" Ravishing swell or fade ; in sweet suspense
" Charm the soul, spell-bound, o'er their eloquence :
" The rosy light—oh, softer far than *this* "—
(And gaz'd he round) " albeit a sphere of bliss—
" The rosy light of Heav'n auspicious smiles
" O'er all, that eye delights, or sense beguiles :
" While 'mid its trance, the ravish'd spirit sighs—
" *Here blooms* THY *home—bright God of Paradise !*"
He paus'd as if o'ercome by the sweet sense
Of some inhal'd, heav'n-wafted redolence :
She sigh'd—as 'neath those witching accents stole
New throbs, unwonted, in the trembling soul,
Where, deep, the bland persuasive wiles it felt,
Like liquid music's murmurs o'er it melt.
She sigh'd—now, passion-pale, her wavering cheek—
The struggling flame, now, blushes, warmer, speak.
His triumph, in that cheek, that swimming eye
The " Stranger " reads, and hails his mastery ;
Eager to crown his purpose dark of guile.
Thus flow'd, anew, the bland seductive wile,
As watch'd he on her cheek that wavering blush :
While tranc'd, with lips apart and spirit-hush
Intent, her soul deep drank the witchery
Of all he painted to her Passion's eye.
Oh Hell ! o'er thy dark Arts no loathlier stain—
Than mask'd 'neath *fairest* show, thy *blackest* bane !
How darkly gladden'd watch'd he, thro' her veins,
The honied poison, mantling 'neath his strains !
While thus, his blandishment stole o'er her dream,—
Welcom'd afresh, its murmur's witching stream.
" Heav'n-lit smiles EDEN'S bloom—where loveliest, yet,
" Brightens HIS ray ! . . . Oh, ne'er wouldst thou forget

" Stream'd from *His* brow, the spell's soul-chast'ning sense
" Lit—but at Fount Divine—Love ! INNOCENCE !"
(And dark, in transport feign'd, he smooth'd the smile
Fain to betray the mockery of his guile)
" Hail ! *purest* ray, illum'ing *purest* traits
" In Spirit-eloquence, and Seraph grace—
" And *yet*——it lacks *one* boon ! *sighs* best express
" The longing bosom's *mock'd regretfulness*
" O'er *void* it pines o'er in the heart forlorn !—
" *Passion's* sweet throb, from out its vitals torn—
" Life's spring—the rapture-germ's best bounteousness—
" Nature—the Sovereign Spirit wak'd to bless ! "
. . . " Alas," cried Passion's Queen, " 'tis, as the Vine
" Should yield its purple store—*without the wine !*"
" Ah ! could *thy* witchery's gaze and rapture-light,
" But beam its soul's persuasion on His sight !
(Thus gloz'd his new deformity's design)
" Then, would he win an *added* grace from *thine !*
" And Thou would'st quaff—thy bosom beating nigh
" His own—a Love's yet loftier Sovereignty," . . .
. . . " No more ! but snatch me to this Presence light—
" A Heav'n—its very *Dream* transports my sight . . .
. . . No more ! But soothe impatience' ecstasy—
" Oh happy in THIS Light—to live—to die . . .
" In dreams—already, smile His bliss-bright traits :—
" One with His own—my spirit, raptur'd strays."
Wilder'd, She paus'd—her glowing cheek—her eye
Spoke all her eager, curious, breast would try ;
Pleasing surprise arous'd ; " I scarce could dream
" A fairer guise, than lights *thy* semblance' beam !
" If form more radiant than thine own be found
(She cried) " I feign would scan the Planets round !

. . . " Lead to that Glory-form! my thoughts' wild wing
" Swift to His side, already seems to spring!
. . . " On! speed the blissful venture! Spirit-birth
" I'm sure thou art—Oh, waft my flight to Earth—
" Snatch me entranc'd—the *vision'd* joy I feel
" Make *real* Bliss—the dear delirium heal.
. . . " Haste! on thy magic pinion bid me rove,
" Oh—be it swift—to wing this flight of LOVE."
" Speed, then, bright Queen!" . . and rife, the moment's gust—
Impatience' transport, much-abus'd, of Lust—
The Tempter caught: He call'd, in secret spell,
Spirits, invisible, that round him dwell;
He bade them waft thro' space, the queenly charm—
Swift as her thoughts—and with a joy as warm!
" Bear her to Earth, all soft—as Love reposes,
" Lull'd o'er its slumber's fragrant couch of roses." . . .
Wings, swift as thoughts, rife speed the flight:—and now
ZAMAURA dazzled, dwelt, o'er Glory's brow:
Tranc'd, sigh'd She—search'd that Bliss of Loveliness—
Her rapture—more than words, her looks express:
While coldly cunning, watch'd her flame, apart,
The Tempter—secret stirr'd her panting heart;
All *un*impassion'd, *He*—her passion view'd
Joyless *himself*—beheld its rapture-flood.
" Attune His soul to love—thou *mayst!*—His eye
" Can weep—His breast hath *known Humanity*." . . .
Thus, whisper'd guile, insidious hastening Doom:
Mark in *her* brow the fire—in *his*—the gloom.

V.

ADONAIS *and* ZAMAURA.

BUT oh, what wrath's confusion, hate, surprise
Dismay'd the Fiend, in Shame's mock'd trickeries!
For, mark'd he, now, 'neath that dread Glory's sheen
How fades thy Passion's-spell, eclips'd—bright Queen!
. . . What cloud bedims that cheek? the lustre-flood
Of ardor's eloquence? the speaking blood?
Pow'rless, her accents falter on her lips
O'er her quell'd spirit steals a spell's eclipse
Blinding—out-dazzling! 'neath that brow of Heav'n
Where dwelt, but now, her glance of love—forgiv'n.
As tho' a fount dried up 'neath Solstice' blaze,
Life shrunk in her—as beam'd that Glory's face:
Lust's whisper 'neath its blissful Eloquence
Shrunk, cow'd, abash'd—a self-accusing sense:
Her soul *im*pure,—a waning ray,—'neath *pure*
And whelming Day! dim fades the wanton lure
Of her wild gaze: it little understood
The miracle of that wak'd Glory-flood!
And all, too deep, its lustre's fountain drank—
As pow'rless, trembling, 'neath its beam She shrank.
Herself she knew not—'neath the god-lit spell:—
She wish'd her,—fled;—nor knew the guile of Hell
That secret, mock'd her wilderment: in vain
Her "Stranger Guest" she sought: *He mock'd* her pain!
In vain She sought escape: her wandering eye
Look'd round—vain sought She, from herself to fly
And that dread Presence,—where her spirit, cow'd,
A stranger to itself and Passion—bow'd.

Mildly austere, the Glory-King survey'd
Charms of a race its nature's vice betray'd;
As, in the canker'd fruit, the beauteous streak
Too oft, lights hues, the latent worm bespeak:
His accents' chaste admonishings, arose
As stream of Harmony that solemn flows.
" Each, to his proper sphere, Creation's plan
" Awards! not *thine*, this Earthly Error's span:
" And plays the subtle Tempter, *thus*, his part?
" Thou, the weak thrall, unconscious,—of his art?
. . . " Before Me, lost, nor knowing how to fly
" I see thee shrink, 'neath Heav'n's All-seeing Eye;
" Its search—'twere vain to fly—thro' all the bound—
" Where penetrates its ken, Creation round—
" His Spirit, One with the wide Universe
" Where'er bright Being shines—or darker errs! . . .
. . . " Yet, comfort! on *thy* unoffending head
" (Unwitting wrong!) the Judgment sweeps not shed—
" But brands the Eternal Foe! . . . Before our brow
" Lo fades it, as 'neath waking suns the snow,
" *Thy* frailer light . . . alas, around thee threw
" The Tempter fell, his snare—to bid thee rue!
" Yea; guile had mark'd thee, *unsuspecting*, fall
" Prey to the doom of Sin's and Error's thrall:—
" Envious—'twould see thee, sport of Fate and Pain—
" Dark, in *thy* world prolong'd Hell's *earthly* reign!
. . . " Little thou reck'st the Mighty Lie, thine ear
" Too sooth, abus'd! to lead—o'er wastes of Fear!
" Yet—solace thee: Lo, Mercy's bounteous ray
" Beams o'er thy fainting soul its succour's sway—
" Angels! . . . transport the stranger-birth, again,
To know—herself and bliss! nor yet, in vain:

Quails—conscious sorrowing, in her pow'rlessness
To stay the shadows deep'ning of distress:
With parent-gaze, fond straining to the last
O'er Beauty's dying gleam—till all is past!
Ling'ring—if, *yet*, may those droop'd, lov'd, lids ope—
Light her sad heart—fond hoping against Hope!
Mute gazing,—in the grief, for speech too deep:—
Joy dies for ever in that lov'd one's sleep.
Fatal Necessity's relentless hour——
Farewell fond glimpse! those shades, eternal low'r.
"*The Rose, the Rose, 'tis dead o'er Eden's bow'rs*
"*Her Thousand Summers wither'd—in an Hour.*" . .
. . . She sighs her heart out, to that Seraph-sigh—
Blent with her dying breath, those murmurs die.

* * * * * * * *

Faint, now, the daybeam wanes, a flickering gleam;
Life's, Joy's, Hope's lamp burnt out—a mournful dream!
Creation's brow, dark wore the mystic veil
Conscious of coming doom, convuls'd and pale:
Muttering the spell of Fate, the thunders break—
Dismal response wild winds and billows wake: . . .
And shall the FIAT speak? . . . awhile—a pause:
In dark suspense, her breath, scar'd Nature draws.
"*Woe, Woe*" (the Seraph-wak'd lament again!)
"*Hell's bars are rent*—ABADDON *spurns the chain.*"
In terror's aspect of reproach and wrong
Stood, outrag'd Majesty—where quail'd the throng—
The trembling hosts—unnumber'd—as their Sins—
Dread hour! where *never-ending* Doom, *begins*;—
The *self*-blam'd—all too late,—imploring crew;—
Despair more dark, the nearer Judgment drew:
Doom's challenger! the Last dread Trumpet-swell,—
SIN's heart—of Ages—startles, in its knell.

Gaunt, yields the Grave[4] wan hosts, Time's surges drown—
Hope's wreck! pale shiv'ring 'neath His Eye, His frown:—
Sways, Will Supreme! inexorable Fate—
The Might, that worlds can scatter or create.

II.

The Second Eve—and the Last.

ALL piercing now, His eye scans every breast
Of the frail mortal maze He fain had blest—
The breast—where sway'd, severest, surest guard—
Conscience—its own accusal or reward!
Where (stain too deep!) He read the tale of Lust—
The Tempter's blot upon the Scroll of dust!
Devouring vast, where the contagion ran—
Flame, of the subtle spark Hell's glozings fan.
His spirit, groaning, mark'd the death-dimm'd stain—
Mar the bright birth of Love's regenerate reign:
And SHE—*first* victim of the fatal guile—
Pale, self-arraign'd, and trembling stood the while,
With beating heart. . . . Upon those fateful lips
Her being hung—and with it Life's eclipse:
O'er her despair the Seraph-dirge of pain
Lorn starting, whelms her throbbing heart and brain—
"*Woe, Woe*" . . . its wild lament, in sadder swell,
Mourn'd o'er her blighted flow'r——the *first* that fell!
Wakes the dread Voice: its accents thrill her frame:—
Her senses swim—self-sentenc'd in her shame.
"Thou SECOND EVE of this new Paradise,
"Thou—a blest Eden's second sacrifice,
"What blames hath Heav'n to visit on *Thy* head!
"What meed, sufficient vengeful-launch'd, and dread?

" What doom's retributory penance laid,
" Weighty enough, in Judgment's balance sway'd ?
" Thou ! that hast with thee in thy stumbling hurl'd
" The ruin's crash, unbounded, of a world ? . . .
" Thou speck—thou petty speck—too *seeming* light—
" Dragging with thee, Life's downfall infinite !
" Clos'd is outwearied ling'ring Mercy's gate—
" Wrong'd Heav'n averts the brow ! Life's pray'r—too late !
" Weak as thou art—frail lost, as lovely, all—
" Snatch with thee—myriads, headlong, in thy fall !
" In vain, those hearts' despairing boundless cry—
" They but *condemn themselves*—let Doom reply ! "
HE said ; and darker o'er His terror's brow
Its gathering thunders fateful blacken now—
" *Oh hide us Earth* " (thus spoke the cry amain)
" *Thy gulf, less fear'd, than yon dread Presence' pain* "—
Within her—Nature's spirit shrunk appall'd
To hear the cry—that vain on Mercy call'd.
'Mid the wide wail, RUTH bow'd her, silent all—
Save—her last accents on her TANCRED call :
Caught thro' the drear distraction's boundless cry
His one dear voice' interpreted reply—
" Where art thou lov'd one ? worthier *Thou*, to *win*
" A world—than *lose* it ! Never *thine*, the Sin . . .
" Alas ! " . . . But, hark, o'er Doom's lament, dread break
Accents (o'er startled gloom as lightning streak)
Syllabled stern—the unerring Word of FATE.
" Shame's mortal span ! On Being desecrate
" No more shall Nature look : Vast Night inure—
" Wide Inanition's sleep, for aye, endure !
" Yawn conscious Earth ; thy ghastly caverns ope—
" Hide—from themselves the prey—and hide from HOPE

" Stretch wide enough for Doom (yet, ne'er so wide
" As Mercy's heart, for ingrate Man, *denied !*)
" Yawn, hung'ring, as the wrath of *injur'd* Heav'n—
" Engulph thou, graceless Man—in vain forgiv'n—
" In vain belov'd ! . . . Truth, Vengeance, Justice, hear.
" From heart of Heav'n—all bitter wrung as dear—
" ATONEMENT " . . .

III.

The Rock of Defiance.

AND *Atonement* thro' the bound,
The Judgment-trump's indignant echoes sound,—
Stern Retribution's vindicated sway.
SATAN, alone, brav'd dauntless the dismay—
" *Atonement ?*" Stay ! dread Arbiter of Fate !
" Hear speak thy Foe—long-treasur'd Soul of Hate !"
(He cried) " On this stern rock, in pride as stern,
" As[6] erst I spurn'd thee—here again, I spurn !
" From Hell's unflattering lips the tidings hear
" Of Truth—ungracious Truth—to despot ear.
" What ! hurl thy wrath on *helplessness ?* Nay, best
" Hurl back on Heav'n—thy Judgment's drear behest !—
" Nor blame, *involuntary* sprung, the fruit
" Of *mis*called Sin—thy *self*-sown canker-root !
" Is Sin a *shadow ?* See, then, with it fade
" Atonement's phantom—Shadow of a Shade !
" Smiles it Life's cup ? . . . thro' its transparent hues
" *Why*—sparkles but the gleam of POISON-dews ?"
" *Unreal* Bliss—for real Misery !—
" 'Twould e'en wring tears from Satan's tearless eye ! . . .
" Hear Truth tho' from a Foe—Nay, call him *friend*—
" ('Twould juster greet him from thy lips than ' Fiend ')—

" Oh, well, *self*-foil'd the Maker may *repent*[6]
" The mockery-dream ! Life's blam'd *Experiment !*
" Is it not so ? glow clay-birth's Passion-springs
" *Spontaneous*—as resistless visitings ?
" Springs—wak'd for *Bliss*, where joys the Soul of Love,
" In *innate* inspirations from Above——
" And is drear *Sin* their name ? Can Heav'n betray
" The mortal Cause ? to HELL *resign* the sway ?—
" Doom, Sin-distorted Bliss, with ME to dwell ? . . .
" Oh ! thanks reward it, from the King of Hell."
And laugh'd his Scorn : throbb'd, wild arous'd, the heart
Of Life's dismay, as those fierce ribalds start :
Trembling, recoil'd yon mortal maze ; aghast ;
Pale as the wan wide snows o'er ice-clad waste
Where, fierce, the tempest's frenzied yell and deep
To terror startles wild, the Desert Sleep.
" Heav'n ! hear, 'mid anguish-plaint of dying Earth,
" Hell's voice, *acquit* Life's Bliss-*deluded* Birth :
" See ! decks the Fashioner His clay mould's toy—
" For what ? to play with, mangle, warp, destroy ? . . .
" Despairing dark, its *flaw innate* to mend
" Hurls the crush'd bauble !—feign'd Atonement's end !
" Torture of sounds ! " *Sin's* " *Hell's* relentless ban
" *What* speaks it ? *Self-blam'd* Imperfection's Plan !
. . . " Oh bootless, all as heartless Suft'ring's snare
" For Instincts dear, that stray'd—they *knew not* where !
" Conscious, condemns *itself* the wayward Wrath
" Driving its puppets on *Atonement's* path—
" The illusory lustre, luring fair
" The wanderer's way, to find a waste's despair !
" *Atonement ! why* wake Bliss—yet, mock with *Pain ?*—
" Remorseless dark FOREKNOWLEDGE—stern as vain !

" Drear, *self*-belied, Atonement lights the flame
" Fell, to show Bliss—a Sin-distorted Name!
" *Atonement?* Life in Passion's heav'n-lit sun
" Lur'd, now, to bask—now warn'd the lure to shun—
" Scar'd by Atonement's frown—Perdition's fate! . . .
" Can Bounty, Wisdom, Truth, *equivocate?*—
" Shine, *bright* Caprice! o'er smiling Treachery led
" Lure Life's blind Hope—now rapture-born—now *dead!*"
(And laugh'd the Sneer—vain echoed, where it plays—
Hell's wasted breath—to die o'er wearied Space,)
" I've said: Hell brands thy foil'd *Experiment*—
" Not *Life* be blam'd—its *springs* are impotent!
" Frown as thou wilt—know! *self*-wrought discontent
" O'er Life's *imperfect* toy, blind, seeks a vent:
" Machine—imperfect in its springs—yes! all
" It pants for; lives in—sporting o'er its fall!
" Conscious of foil'd Designs emprize—thine ire
" Brands with *Sin's* spurious stamp Life's mock'd desire:
" Love's, Life's, true source—their dearest solace' smile
" (Away!) but Woe's despair!—Caprice's guile!
" Hell's heart indignant 'neath the Wrong recoils—
" Life's *helpless* struggle in the Treachery toils.
" Thy Foe, in face of Heav'n and dying Earth
" Wrests the mock-blame from mortal outrag'd birth:
" Love, Wisdom, Mercy, Bounty—are they *sounds*,
" Lost o'er Pain's wilderness? The cry confounds
" Scar'd Thought—o'er Mastery *self*-belied, betray'd—
The cry—(oh ne'er o'er Being's heart to fade)—
" The desperate, deprecating cry of—PAIN! . . .
" Hear Hell's wak'd serpent-hiss, o'er Cunning, *vain!*
(And stealing from the depths of Night replies
The wrathful Scoff where serpent-hisses rise)

" Now—do thy worst: soothe SELF-accusals' sense—
" (Nay, frown!—tis so!) 'neath Truth's stern eloquence
" Drown its wak'd whispers in the yell of Doom,
" Give Love, with Life, to dark Oblivion's tomb!" . . .
. . . And Satan rous'd him as tho' desperate more,
To fiercer strife, Life's parting struggle o'er;
All vainly battling, the rebellious breast
The brand of Fate from Vengeance' hand to wrest—
. . . " Ay, bid the despot Lust of Pain, its eye
" Feast on thy clay-birth's parting agony:
" O'er a world's death—resistless, vengeful, gloat;
" While blent with mine, its cries, condemning float."
Hell spoke—yea, trembled at itself! . . . Hell spoke—
O'er its own daring, pale: while struggling woke
The Scoff, that labour'd in its yell to drown,
At once, the secret fear—the insult crown.
Earth falls: implacable sleeps Judgment's ear—
No flickering gleam relieves the shadows drear;
Vain wakes Hell's taunt; it's tortur'd sophistry
But wearies it, a futile—rebel Lie.
So—when some luckless caitiff doom'd to die—
The supplicating deprecating cry—
Pierces the Judge's ear—and pierces vain:—
Death waits on the irrevocable strain.
" *The Rose, the Rose, it dies o'er Eden's bow'r*
" *Her Thousand Summers wither'd—in an Hour*" . . .
Fainter the mournful Seraph echoes stray—
For ever die o'er Eden's heart away . . .

* * * * * * * *

IV.

The Curse on ABADDON.

" MANKIND's Betrayer doom'd " (thus awful spoke
The Glory-King—The WORD, eternal woke)
" Accurs'd Intelligence ! Rebellion's brood—
" Hell's soil—too stubborn for the growth of Good,
" Of ken too blind the Will Supreme to scan,
" Where Love still yearn'd for weal of mortal span—
" Fall'n Star ! of gleam too dim the Maker's breast
" To search—inscrutable—all dread as blest.
" Enough, that *hopeless* o'er thy sin-scath'd head
" Doom's unredeem'd eternal shadows spread "
(And Angel echoes voic'd the Judgment dread—
" *Doom's unredeem'd eternal shadows spread* ")
" Spirit, thou art ; and Spirit still may'st strive
" Uncrush'd—yet doom'd to *suffer*—if to live :
" Back ! to the gulf less darksome than thy soul—
" Back ! where unquench'd the burning billows roll
" To buoy thee—sport of their woe-wailing breast
" Mingling thy conscious cry for worse unrest :
" Thy sway on Earth—'tis o'er ! thy lust of Ill
" In vain shall look for Life—to wreak thy Will.
" Hell's venom'd chalice ! fill thy bitterest gall
" Pledge of ABADDON's last and darkest Fall ![7]
" Earth's maze sinks lost—and vacancy profound
" Chill broods in gloom of Inanition's bound ;
" No more, thy harm's untiring ancient guile
" Betray a sullied Eden's envied smile !
" Thy prey on earth, snatch'd from thee with Earth's brood—
" The bubble breaks o'er Time's eternal flood :
" Back, to Night's Curse—away ! " . . .

Thus Judgment spoke;
Yet, stubborn, still, the Insulter's taunt awoke;
Unshrinking—where, Earth's tottering ball and rent
Beneath him rock'd—as watch'd he Doom's event.

" Here, see me stand, till Life's spent gasp be past—
" Here, Scorn, o'er boasts *I've marr'd* shall look its last!
" Triumph more proud than thine—*my* conflict's Will—
" Wrong's sense untam'd, and prouder battling still:
" I stemm'd thee, Heav'n, in fond Creation's hour—
" Again exulting stem thy baffled pow'r—
" Vain Imperfection's *self*-destroying Plan—
" Delusion! ending e'en as it began!
" Thy ' golden reign's ' regenerate Paradise—
" A mockery's glimpse—its ' Thousand Summer-skies! '
" What? fades the roselit wreath, too dream-like blown—
" Where Eden deck'd thy " Golden Age's " throne? . . .
" HELL laughs "——

V.

The " Last Hour "—The " Fall "—at Last.

. . . BUT drown'd his taunt the havoc cry
Of the rent frame of Nature's harmony;
Tho' rocking 'neath his feet the mountain chasm
Yawn'd in convulsion vast of Nature's spasm,
Still stood He proud; while dart the lightnings blue,
Shrining his murky brow in fiercer hue,
Ghastly transfiguring in livid ray
Creation's tortur'd brow, 'mid Doom's dismay.

Vast, as some tow'ring Atlas, look'd He down
On Earth—the victim writhing 'neath his frown;
Mark'd—as some serpent might—th' ensanguin'd crest—
The fang's launch'd venom in the quivering breast.

'Neath his unquailing gaze, lo! fearfully
Rush'd the vast wreck of Doom's Infinity:
Uprent the toppling Alps, their Titan peaks
Bow grimly gleaming 'neath the lightning streaks;
Nature, distract, upon her wreck aghast,
Stares 'mid the hubbub's crash, the terror's blast—
Ocean upturn'd, o'erwhelm'd the havoc's moil,
Where its rude frenzy's billows, seething boil—
Earth's heavings belch'd their lava-flood amain,
Her wrack'd volcano's struggle—as of pain.
Blent with the wail of her departing ghost,
Pour'd drear lamentings of the mortal host—
Life's countless, wide, *heart*-dirges! wail and blame—
Shriek thro' the havoc's blast and roaring flame.

VI.

Love in Death: the Companions.

EARTH yawns—her jaws dark gasping for the prey—
Pale trembling sacrifice of Frailty's clay:
Like a wan streak of light—*what* radiance' glance
Of Beauty's beam *first* lit the gulf's expanse?
Foremost, thy charm's despairing doom—sweet RUTH!
Lock'd in thy constant, dear embrace—the Youth:
"*Eyes that have lighted me thro' life! Your ray*
"*Still soothe its doom! still light its parting way!*"
He cried; as wild, love's anguish round her clung;
Her name's dear accents falt'ring on his tongue;
Each other's arms—their dear—their common tomb—
Dear e'en the pang—since shared with *Her* the doom:
Death lock'd in Love's embrace *forgets* its dread—
More dear than Life's blank trace, if *loveless* led!

At least, *this* was not *Sin !* the parting breath
That spoke their truth *unchang'd*—their love in death.
They're gone : Youth's generous ardour—Beauty's ray—
Irrevocable Judgment sweeps away !
Hurl'd o'er the gulf—Oblivion's torrent-steep—
Their Virtues, Errors, Woes—eternal sleep.
Wide whelms that gulf the countless mortal throng
Headlong, promiscuous hurl'd—the frail, the strong—
Frequent, as e'en—their *Sins !* 'mid varied yell,
Despair, now Heav'n implores—now welcomes Hell.
Wild blent, the helpless or defiant cry
As meet the weak or brave—Fate's mastery.
Spoke in the thunder's wrath Jehovah's voice,
Far other strain than echoed *once* "*Rejoice*"[8]
The Seraph-harps all discord ! their lorn dirge
Whelming Creation's heart—like tempest-surge :
Blazon'd o'er Heav'n's affrighted brow and dun
Trac'd the blue lightning-glare "*Earth's race is run.*"
Terribly spoke that "writing on the wall"
Of Nature's fabric—tottering to its fall ;
SATAN, with gloomy joy scann'd Doom's dismay,
O'er his unquailing brow the lightnings play
Like fiery serpents in their burning coil,
Wreathing the front of Scorn—that mock'd their toil !
"*Woe, Woe on Man's betrayer !*" thus the cry
Lamenting, of the Seraph-dirge sweeps by :
"*Woe, Woe for Earth ! her dying accents call*
"*Curse on* ABADDON—*in her Error's fall.*"
All that was Earth's, at Wrath's Almighty Sign
ATONEMENT sweeps before the WORD divine :
Eden fades lost, as turns HIS brow away ;
Her lovelight—'twas His smile's reflected ray ![9]

Shrinking, She hides her brow—nor knows the bound—
Where ne'er till now, dread, lightning-rob'd, He frown'd!
The rose look'd ghastly 'neath the livid glare—
Doom's winter, o'er her drooping bloom's despair.
" *The Rose, the Rose, it dies o'er Eden's bow'r*
" *Her Thousand Summers*" *wither'd*—" *in an Hour.*" . . .
For ever fades that murmur—heard no more,
Silence' dark dream and Desolation o'er.

* * * * * * * *

The pillars vast of Earth's doom-scatter'd ball
Rock—in eternal, universal fall.
" Son! *Thou hast wrought our Will! Hell's Victor, Come,*
" *Thy Eden seek in Heav'n—thy one true home.*"
Hark, 'tis Jehovah's voice; the Avenger Son
Welcomes to bliss—God's empire and his own:
Lo, Heav'n reseeks He 'mid glad symphonies
Hailing Him Victor from His dread emprize—
" *Clad in might's panoply! seek, blest, thy throne—*
" *Thy Vengeance' goal of Expiation won!*"
And looks He back? . . . no rose His Eden shed!
Alas, Man's wrong had rent her garland dead!
Love's emblem light—farewell! it flickers past:—
Where Earth once shone—no spark redeems the waste.
The Insulter watch'd it fade: as it grew less,
Swell'd more his triumph's soul of bitterness:
The withering Sneer's self-solac'd struggle vain
In gloomy joy disguising Envy's pain.
" *My* triumph this! boasts Hell, or the Most High—
" In Life's drear argument, the mastery?
" Hath Satan foil'd—or hurls, *self-foil'd*, away,
" Its Fashioner's caprice the toy of clay "—

" Selfblame, o'er Life's imperfect bauble, wreaks
" Its ire on brittle clay and wayward breaks—
" Lights the soul's spark—to show how frail the clay—
" Then, puffs it out—and flings the toy away.
" Frail vex'd machine! thy beauty mock'd, with Sin—
" (Torture of Sounds!)—Corruption's worm within—
" Material battening on distressful bread—
" E'en, ingrate,—poisoning vital air—thou'rt fed!
" Frail forked thing! Sensation's spring—sound—sight
" Derang'd—and Soul, that crowns them, veils its light!
" Bitter thy wail! but bitter thrice thy *glee*,
" A sigh remorseful, waking e'en—from *Me*
" Hell's echoes voice it—'*Pain with Earth is flown.*'
" *Blames the last sigh of Earth's expiring groan*
" *Life's drear Experiment.*'" . . .
And paus'd He brief
As tho' his Envy won a forc'd relief:
Wavering he linger'd o'er the darkness vast,
Cast one drear glance o'er Havoc's wreck—his last—
Then—scornful smil'd—" And, now, my strife is o'er—
" The dear dread struggle—EDEN *is no more.*"
" Dart o'er me, lightnings! thunders, vengeful break!
" Impotent ire! HELL's triumph *most* ye speak!
. . . " This Wrath, disguises conscious *failure!* Yield
" Foil'd Heav'n, in this, long mortal war, the field!
" Vindictive hurling Man—with ME to dwell—
" Know *thyself* vanquish'd—Man, the spoil of HELL:
" Dies the long struggle—swept—a turbid Dream—
" If *I* am Evil—Evil is Supreme!"
His heart of Scorn—'twas boundless e'en as Space—
Sterner His boast—the darker Earth's disgrace—
In guilty glee its baleful triumphs swell
Flattering the soul of Envy—and of Hell.

VIII.

The Bubble bursts.

FAINT echoes of the vague lamenting wail
Of Earth's last struggle, wav'ring, haunt the gale;
Till broods one vast unbroken Silence' fear
Terribly hush'd, upon the Scorner's ear:
Stern sleeps the void—the home erewhile of Ill:—
For,—Strife's wide world—the human heart—is still.
Ere plung'd He to Night's dark abyss and vast,
His murky pinions hovering o'er the waste
(Fell, as flame-breathing dragon of the fen
With bloodshot eyeballs, glares o'er Havoc's den)
Parting He breath'd Hell's soul out in the Sneer,
Where fum'd of burnt-out Earth the vapors drear,
As o'er the melancholy wreck adust,
Convulsive gasp'd her dying struggle's gust.
" It fades—the bubble's wayward mockery—
" Melts in Oblivion's waste the smiling Lie!
" 'Tis well! . . . Woe worth the self-marr'd, vex'd machine—
" What pangs had slumber'd *had it never been!*
" Life's fatal, fond, Experiment—'tis o'er!
" Pity, the bubble had not burst before."

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

NOTES OF REFERENCE;

AND

LIST OF THE PROPHECIES RELATING TO THE ERA OF THE MILLENNIUM.

NOTES.

BOOK I.

1. Eden in being *spotless* and free from Sin is also deathless. "Death is swallowed up in victory." "O Death where is thy victory." St. Paul on the "*New Adam.*" (*Cor.*)

2. "Primo Amore."—*Dante.*

3. Book II.

4. "This is the *New Adam* in which all flesh shall be *changed*" (*St. Paul*), and the regeneration of Man (*Isaiah*).

5. Isaiah lx.

6. Of Sibyls in Profane and of Prophecy in Sacred History. "Redeunt Saturnia regna."—*Virgil.* (See *Advertisement.*)

7. The sacred scene of the Red Sea Passage: of the ships of Hiram of Tyre, and Solomon, with the gold of Ophir, ivory, and sandal wood for building the Temple (*Kings*) also of the passage of Queen Sheba, &c., &c.

8. Of the dispersed Tribes and more recently of the Holy City under Infidel dominion.

9. The "Abomination of Desolation." (*Ezek., Rev.*)

10. Isaiah, Zechariah, Ezekiel, on the *restoration* of Salem and the Reign of Glory on Earth.

11. The "*sceptre* of Judah." The Shiloh: the "Coming One." (*Gen.* xlix.)

12. Book II.

13. Isaiah lx.

14. *Ibid.*

15. Book III. "The New Eden."

16. Book II.

17. St. Paul, "glorified body." (*Cor.*)

18. This is the *First* Resurrection, during the Millennial Era (See Book III.), the Second is at its close, and at the final Judgment. (*Rev.*) (See Book Last.)

19 and 20. *i. e.* "Lord of Aden," or Eden; *i. e.* Delight. (See Adv.)

21. See Note 1, above.

22. Rev. xxi.

23. See Book Last. "Kiss the Son lest He be *angry and ye perish.* (*Ps.* ii.)

24. See above "New Eden's Innocence."

BOOK II.

1. Isaiah, Ezekiel, &c.

2. Typhæas.

3. Rev. ix. 7. Satan's *second* escape from Hell.

4. Book Last.

5. See Malachi iii. and Kings ii. Chemosh is the Sun: the Abomination of Moab. The "Sun of Righteousness" belongs properly to Christ.

6. Book V.

7. "Ab ipso ducit opes, animumque ferro." (*Hor.*)

8. Milton.

9. Such as recorded in Ticket of Leave and Garrotting Annals.

BOOK III.

N.B.—The Syriac Chronicle entitles this Book, variously, "*Adonais in Aden.*"

1. Gen. iii.

2. Book I.

3. Psalm cxxxvii. The same sentiment characterizes the Jewish nation to this day. (See Basnage.) As to the *relics* of the ancient City, they consist of huge blocks of stone in the *south-east* angle of the South Wall. (See *Isaiah* xi.; 60; 43. *Hosea* iii.)

4. Virgil, Ec. 4, the reign of Innocence, v. 21, 22. So Isaiah xi. See "Redeunt *Saturnia* regna," v. 6, and "toto surget '*Gens Aurea*' mundo," v. 9.

5. See Raffaelle's "Beautiful Gate." (See *Rev.* xxi. *Ezekiel* xxviii. 13.) Both Isaiah lxv. and Rev. xxi. pourtray the "New Jerusalem." As to the Gates at the present day: the North is that of Damascus. The South is that of *St. Stephen*, the martyr. The East, or *David's*—or Golden, opens towards the valley of Jehoshaphat, below *Mount Moriah*, and leads to Jericho. The West is the Bethlehem Gate —Jesus's *entry*-gate. (*Matt.* xxi.)

6. Eloim, plural. (*Gen.* i. 1.)

7. The lily of the Sun, formerly sacred to Proserpine and Dis Manibus: it grows together with the tulip at Rama. (See Shaw.) The Lotus is the sacred flower of the Ganges, dedicated to Brahma and Vishnu. Amaranth means "unfading;" and is emblematic of eternal Life. *Balsam* is called in Scripture *Balm of Gilead;* that of Mecca is sacred.

8. "Hast thou been in Eden, the Garden of God?" (*Ezek.* xxviii. 13.)

9. Gen. iii. Ezek. xxviii.

10. St. John i. 1.

11. *i.e.* Lords of Aden or Eden, *i.e.* Delight. "Gods of Love and Bounty." The "Messiah-Adonais" is emphatically, thus expressed. (See Advt. Parkhurst.)

12. *Ibid.*

13. TRUTH was said to have fled from Corruption to the bottom of a well; and 'Astræa,' the 'Virgo' of Virgil, or Justice, up to heaven. See Ec. 4, and Isaiah lx. 21. See Psalm lxxxv. 10 and 11. (See Note 4, above).

14. The lover of Art will remember Titian's and Nicholas Poussin's scenes of Arcadia. The sacred Cherub or Infant Spirit translated to Heaven is, here, in the place of the classic Child-Faun.

15. It was from Aden, in Arabia Felix, on the coast of the Persian Gulf, that the muscat-grape was brought to Alexandria: the rarer purple variety has been successfully cultivated at Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The white variety has that beautiful pearly lustre and soft amber tint which Rubens's colouring so temptingly reflects.

16. Book I.

17. Book I.

18. "Crystal" as in the *Rev.* emblematic of Purity and Innocence—"transparency" of the spirit—free from guile. It exhibits also a *modern* characteristic of style. There were anciently three Temples: the original one: 2ndly. Solomon's on Mount Moriah *eastward:* 3rdly. the temple after the Babylonish Captivity: Zerubbabel's. The columns described constitute a *double* range, as at Carnak, &c.

19. Psalm xlv. and Chron. ii. 20. The Beauty of Holiness.

20. See Note preceding and Note 11, above: it is a portraiture of the Impersonation of Light and Divine Love.

21. The scene north-west of Jerusalem of the Transfiguration (*Raffaelle*).

22. "All *flesh is changed* in the New Adam:" St. Paul on the "*glorified* body." (*Cor.*) So Isaiah, "all is *new*" in the Divine Presence, ch. lx.; *transfiguration* of Life and Light. (See also *Ezekiel* xxxvi.; *Zech.* xiv.; and *St. John*, "I make all things *new*.")

23. "They were naked and were not ashamed." (*Gen.* ii. 25.) The "New Eden" is the return to *Innocence:* the absence of Passion, its impulses and organs. "Be ye as a little child," says Christ of the "kingdom of God."

24. "The glorified body." (*St. Paul, Isaiah, Rev.*)

25. See Book I.

26. Isaiah xi. and lxv. 25. So Virgil Ec. 4, v. 21. (See Note 4, above.)

27. The Spirits here of the Prophets that foretold the Reign of Peace and the Restoration of Salem appear. This is the *First* Resurrection. (See Book I.) The *Second* and Last is at the Judgment-day and final dissolution of the Earth. (See

Book X.) (See *Rev.*) The Prophets are from Moses (*Gen.* xlix.) to Isaiah, Ezekiel, Zechariah, Jeremiah, Hosea, Habakkuk, and Micah.

28. "The Disciple whom Jesus loved." St. John is here recognised as welcoming in his characteristic fervour, the "Spirits of the Just, the Great and Good," who rise from the Tomb to do honour to the King of Peace and Bliss of which they were *promoters* while on earth.

29. Job: and here follows a galaxy of Earth's benefactors—*viz.*, Hercules, Bacchus, Prometheus, Pythagoras, Plato, "the Attic bee;" Zoroaster, Socrates, *par excellence* called the Christian philosopher—"Scio me *nihil* scire:" and Simonides—"How many things there are I do *not* want," and "Omnia mea mecum porto."

30. Rev. xi., and see Book last.

31. *Viz.*, in the presence of his Jewish murderers—according to the superstition.

32. See Book last.

33. "God *saw* that it was good." (*Gen.*)

34. See Note 18, above.

35. The "litters" of Isaiah lxvi. are interpreted as the Railway Train, and the prophecy is being now verified in the instance of the Damascus Railway. The scene of the Gathering interrupted here by the incident related, is fully supplied in Book V.

36. See Book V. "The Gathering."

37. *Two* of the Jewish tribes Judah and Benjamin migrated northward to Thrace. (See Note, Book V.) The Sacæ who wandered from Tartary to Scandinavia were many of them these Jews from whom we Saxons are descended. Ten tribes originally led captive into Assyria migrated Eastward. (See Basnage.)

38. Mount Olives eastward of Jerusalem and beyond the brook "Cedron" (*i. e.* Darkness, Sorrow), where our Lord was betrayed.

BOOK IV.

1. "They go about like prowling *wolves*, seeking whom they may devour." (*Luke.*) The Superstition of the Wolf-man, or Lycanthrope is an ancient one: it exists in Germany to this day, in the neighbourhood of the Hartz.

2. See end of the preceding Book.

3. See the Restored Temple. (Book III. Note 18.)

4. So Venus shrouds Paris. (Iliad III.)

5. See Book I. The Consciousness of the New Eden's Innocence, and the subsidence of Passion and its impulses.

6. Milton's words will here recur to the reader. (Book IX.)

> "There, they their fill of love and love's delights,
> "Took largely, of *their mutual guilt the seal*,"

viz. in the loss of Innocence by which Eden was forfeited. The dæmon in the text is seen by and by to sneer at the dispensation, rendering a *knowledge* of the uses of Man's Nature, identical with Suffering, and falsifying the name of Happiness; too often found to exist in Delusion.

7. See Book II.

8. See Book Last.

9. See Note 4, above.

10. "Called by the ancients "Occasio *aurea*"—but if *lost*, "Occasio Calva." "Qui nunc te *fruitur aurea.*" (*Hor.*) On the Subject of "Opportunity" Richardson's Clarissa will be remembered.

11. Hæ latebræ dulces etiam si credas anænæ. (*Hor.*)

12. The Syriac Chronicle says "Eve—the Second."

13. See Book VII.

BOOK V.

1. "Hybristes," Æschylus; "Scorner," "Scoffer," Psalms and Isaiah, &c.

2. Euripides Alcestis.

3. Book II.

4. See next Book VI. "The Bath."

5. "*Security* is mortals' greatest enemy." (*Macbeth.*)

6. Book VII.

7. See end of Book III.

8. Reference is here made to the varied conditions of the Jews, and the strange *contrasts* between fortunes as high as those of the Rothschilds, and as lowly as those of the old clothesman of Monmouth Street and Duke's Court—of the Jew's Boulevard at Paris, and of the Trastevere at Rome.

9. "The Sceptre of Judah restored (*Gen.* xlix.): Salem and the "Land of our Fathers." (*Isaiah.*)

10. *Two* Tribes of Israel migrated to the north-west, and settled a colony in Thrace. Aristophanes puns on circumscision "apote*thrakee.*" *Ten* Tribes migrated eastward of the Euphrates. (See Note 37. Book III.)

11. *Zalasmin;* known as the Wandering Jew. He was a publican who when the Lord fainted under the weight of His Cross, told him to "Go on;" and was answered "*Tarry Thou till I come,*" with reference to His "coming" in the Millennial Era.

12. See Book I.

13. See Psalm cxxxvii.

14. Isaiah's "litters" (ch. lxv.) are interpreted as the Railway, and now in construction in Syria. (See Book III. Note 35.) It runs from Damascus.

15. See Genesis xlix. The scene of the "Gathering" which was interrupted (Book III.) by the agency of the Fiends, is here resumed.

16. See Advertisement.

17. Isaiah: and so Virgil. Ec. iv. 47.

18. Let this cup pass from me. (*St. Luke*).

19, Book III. (See Note 15, above.)

20. See Psalm cxxxvii.

21. *Ibid.*

22. See Note 10, above. Descendants from the colonists *northward:* the darker race is descended from the colonists *Eastward.*

23. *Ibid.*

24. "Quæ me surripuit mihi." (*Hor.*)

25. See Book III.

26. "*Quis* teneros *oculus* mihi fascinet agnos." (*Virg. Ec.* iv. 109.)

BOOK VI.

1. See Book III. and V.

2. "Vultus nimium lubricus aspici." (*Hor.*)

3. See Book III. "The *New Adam.*"

4. The spot is shown to this day.

5. This favourite subject is treated with the best grace by Annibal Caracci: the alarm of Chastity is beautifully expressed. The Flemish School has more coarseness. Rembrandt, even, offends.

6. See Bailey's Statue.

7. The *relapse* back to Passion is the revival of Sin and Death: just as the absence of Passion is spotless and deathless purity." (See Books I. III.)

8. "The *knowledge* of Good and Evil." (*Gen.*) (See Book II.) Satan's argument to Astar.

9. See Book I. "Tancred and Ruth" and The New Adam. (Book III.)

10. So in Genesis "they *knew* they were naked: their *eyes were opened*;" *i. e.*, the eye of *Intelligence.*

11. Quæ *me surripuit mihi.*" (*Hor.*)

12. *Knowledge* is *Sin,* and Sin is Death. (See *Genesis.*) See Satan's argument to Astar, Book II. "Infuse *Intelligence* to destroy *Innocence.*"

13. See preceding note.

BOOK VII.

1. See Note 26, Book V.

2. Book IV. "*Golden Opportunity.*"

3. The Recovery of Ruth. (Book VIII.)

4. This may be said of many instances of Humanity that are libels on Heaven and are the wonder of Hell. See Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass." Satan being outdone by human knavery. In this portraiture or "Photograph" of Astar, the gay votary of Belial (Books II. IV.) we may trace a more refined subtlety than in either an Asmodeus or a Mephistophiles.

5. See Satan's Instructions to Astar. (Books II. and V.)

6. Isaiah and St. John call Satan "the worm:" so, Dante,

7. See Book III. "The First Resurrection." (*Rev.*)

8. The retreat of the Fiends for practising their arts of Seduction, and called "Golden Opportunity." (Book III.)

9. "Facilis descensus Averni." (*Virgil.*)

10. Or "Sheba," *i. e.*, Incense-zephyr. "Aura."

11. Impersonation of Light, Beauty, and Divine Love. (*Psalm* xlv.) (See Adv.)

12. Isaiah. (See Books I. and III.)

13. The Damascus Talmud observes here "Saba may well be excused for her warmer devotion, if we call to mind the pourtrayal of the King of Bliss in the Psalms —"Thou Lord art beautiful above the Sons of Adam: Love is diffused on thy lips: therefore God is enamoured of thee for ever." (See Parkhurst.) (See Book III.)

14. St. Luke.

15. See Book IV. "Golden Opportunity."

BOOK VIII.

1. The appellation of "flutterer" and "fly" is given by the Hebrew texts to the giddy votaries of Belial: *Beelzebub* is "Prince of *Flies*."

2. See Book IV. "Golden Opportunity:" where Ruth is deceived by Tancred's semblance, and *vice versâ*, (See Book III.,) where *he* is deceived with *hers*.

3. *Ibid.* Book III. The scene referred to in the preceding note.

4. *Ibid.* Book IV.

5. "And Joseph thought to put his wife Mary away." (*Luke.*)

6. Book IV., end.

7. See Book VII., the *Oldworld Glimpses* exhibit the retreat where the Fiends carried on their arts of Seduction: the "*Golden Opportunity*" of Book IV.

BOOK IX.

1. Milton says Satan was so intent on proceeding to the new world of Earth that he did not stop on his way at any of the worlds through which he passed; but the case is *different now;* Satan feels himself *driven away* from Earth; and consequently is desirous of finding some *new* abode for the exercise of his Temptations and war with Heaven.

2. Satan here says that the imposition of the Law of Creeds for the resistance of Conscience and Reason—is a fertile source of human misery: and is accompanied by a proscription under the name of *Sin.* He says that Credulity is imposed on by Fraud practising on Ignorance and Fear; which are made to believe too often that an exercise of the natural impulses, affections, and instincts—is *Sin.*

3. See note on *Adonais,* Books III. and VII., and Advertisement. "Thou art beautiful above the sons of Adam," &c. (*Psalm* xlv.)

4. See note 2 on the effect and tendency of "*Creeds.*"

BOOK X.

1. Luke iv. 5, supposed, variously, to be Gerezim, Horeb, or Sion.

2. The "Lion of God," Isaiah's title for Jerusalem, ch. xxix. 1.

3. Rev. xx. 9.

4. This is the Second and Final Resurrection, at the Judgment day; the First is, on the opening of the Millennial Era. (See Book III.)

5. Satan's vindication of Man in this Book is a continuation of his argument in Book II.

6. "And God *repented* that He had made Man." (*Gen.*)

7. Rev. xi. The Second Fall of Abaddon, after the Millennial Era, and at the End of the World.

8. See Books I. and III.

LIST OF PROPHECIES.

1. On the "Gathering" of the *Jews* in the descendants of Manasseh; and of the *Gentiles* in those of Ephraim; see Genesis xxii. xxviii. "All Nations." Ezekiel refers to the Gathering of the Gentiles, ch. xxxvii. and Isaiah ch. lxiv., Zechariah xiv. In fact the predictions extend from as early as Genesis to Habakkuk.

2. The "Restoration" of the Jews is by some interpreters said to be stated in *express words*, as in Isaiah, where the term "litters" represents the instrumentality of the Railway. Isaiah lxvi. 20. In 1865 the French *savans* projected a Railway from Damascus to the Holy City. Isaiah says again "a *highway*" for my people, ch. lx. See Genesis xlviii., Zechariah vii., xiv. 11. See *New Jerusalem*, Isaiah lx., lxv., lxvi., xliii., Hosea xi., Ezekiel xi.

3. The Millennial Era and the Reign of Shiloh in the New Salem and Eden restored, are perpetually pictured by the divine Oracles. See particularly Isaiah on the Age of Innocence—the real Eden, ch. xi. The words of Virgil in Eclogue 4, on the return of the Golden Age, are surprisingly like those of Isaiah. "Death and Sin are destroyed," ch. xxv. 8. "Beauty of Eden for ashes of desolation," ch. lxi. 8. See also Ezekiel xxxvi., xxxvii.; Zechariah i. 16; See Genesis xlix. "until Shiloh come:" hence, He is called the "Coming One" or "Coming Man."

4. For the singular Transformation or Transfiguration of aspect in Nature, where the heavenly luminaries—the sun and moon—shall be superseded and eclipsed by a lovelier radiance shed from the brow of Light of the Divine King—see Isaiah lx., and as followed by Pope. See also Revelations xxi., xxxii., xvii. The "*new beauty*" for ashes; *i. e.*, the transfiguration of human clay to a *semblance* consistent with its spiritualised and purer sphere. See Zechariah xiv. 78; Ezekiel, xxxvi. Isaiah and Job—both figuratively and positively. Again see St. Paul, Corinthians, on the "*new man*," and "glorified body"—the "New Adam," "I show you a Mystery: all will be changed" (Cor. xv. 54); St. Paul and St. John. In fact from Genesis to St. John—from Alpha to Omega—the Holy Book is "one Oracle with many voices," announcing the great crowning event and its characteristics, of the Restored Eden.

5. As regards the *First* Resurrection during the reign of Shiloh, see Revelations